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ART. I.—*The Satires of Juvenal, translated and illustrated by Francis Hodgson, A. M. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 4to. pp. 572. 2l. Payne and Mackinlay. 1807.*

WE do not think it an essential part of our duty, in reviewing a new translation of Juvenal, to descant on the moral merits of that powerful writer, and in truth we are glad to be relieved from the task; for we apprehend that on such a subject the whole contents of our common-place book might be poured forth in vain, and the character which he has maintained for many centuries would probably remain unaltered by the liveliest efforts of a modern journal. Neither does it occur to us that we are called upon to form any commercial calculations as to the amount of the *demand* that may exist for an additional translation of his works, or to consider how far the *market* may be *overstocked*, and the public already sufficiently supplied. It is indisputably true England has produced, at various periods, and under various forms, a great number of imitations of the Roman satirist: yet it will hardly be said that a *glut* of the *article* ensued as a necessary consequence; for all these imitations, with a single exception, had not only escaped the recollection of general readers, but had even forfeited their station in the libraries of the learned. The spirited but careless paraphrase executed by Dryden and his associates, though to a certain degree it keeps its ground, could never be regarded in the light of a complete translation of Juvenal: with respect to the few illustrious passages, which came glowing from the mint of his genius, it might be said—

‘*Nævius in manibus non est, sed mentibus hæret,*’—

for they were treasured in the memory of all true lovers of poetry, without ever procuring a perusal for the entire  
CRIT. REV. Vol. 14. July, 1808. Q

work. Mr. Gifford has indeed most clearly proved, in his introduction, that a new translation was due to the present state of our literature ; from this conviction, he offered his own to the world ; and now, before his pretensions are established by the test of permanent public approbation, a new candidate for fame starts for the same prize. Is there any thing wrong in such a competition ? Is it not, on the contrary, the mainspring of all exertion, and the source of every species of excellence ? Did not Pope present Horace to his countrymen, while Creech's version was recent, and did he not complete the mighty task of translating Homer, in the face of Addison's avowed and exasperated rivalry ?

In consequence then of the neglect that has overtaken all former writers, who may be properly called *translators* of Juvenal, a direct comparison is necessarily instituted between the two latest, who have undertaken the arduous task. The lists have been cleared of all the combatants of inferior note, and are exclusively occupied by two distinguished cavaliers ; one, formidable from experience, and respectable in a long established fame ; the other rejoicing in great though hitherto untried powers, vigorous in youth, and inflamed with the noble confidence of future glory. What must inspire every generous spectator with some degree of prejudice in favour of the young adventurer, and with the hope at least that he may not encounter an ignominious defeat, is the courtesy displayed by him towards his veteran adversary, whom he treats with uncommon respect and deference, and whom he loads with the most profuse and liberal praise.

But though the present work cannot be examined, without reference to this comparison, we really cannot promise to enable our readers to form any estimate of the merits of the respective writers. To extract one or two passages from two large collections of poems, as the means of judging and comparing both collections is rather more than twice as absurd as the landlord's production of a single brick, as a specimen of the house he wished to let. But we are bound not to shrink from the declaration of our own opinion ; and this task, though always in some degree invidious, we are the less reluctant to perform on the present occasion, because we rate very highly the services of both translators, and because we consider their excellences as so distinct, and running so much parallel to one another, that they can very seldom interfere. Few persons capable of duly appreciating either ancient or modern literature, would willingly be without either of them. Mr. Gifford has made Juvenal a

very intelligible and most entertaining English work: Mr. Hodgson has enriched the language of his country with some of the noblest poetry to be found in it.

In one respect, there is a striking difference between the plans of translation adopted by these two gentlemen. Mr. Gifford has thought himself obliged to labor at preserving the manner of Juvenal, by a close imitation of his abruptness, his broken lines, his sudden turns, his rapid questions and short replies. Mr. Hodgson frankly confessing himself unable to reconcile these peculiarities with the harmony of English verse, has sacrificed them to 'the sweeping grandeur of declamation, the exalted stile of poetical oratory,' which he justly denominates the leading characteristics of his original. We not only agree in this remark, but think it may be carried much farther. Not only is the versification of English poetry inharmonious, where the lines are much and frequently broken: but it ceases to be verse at all. The Latin *sermo pedestris*, however interrupted or delayed, never fails to be perceptibly metrical,—such is the variety of modulation resulting from the dactyls and spondees, which compose the hexameter, and such the advantage of being at liberty to run the lines into one another. The very worst verses in Horace (who is much more licentious in regard to rhythm than Juvenal) can never be confounded with prose; but no ears that have not been formed on the model of Dr. Johnson's celebrated line

'Lay your knife and your fork across your plate,

can possibly ascribe to the greater part of the following paragraph any one property of verse, but rhyme:

"But should some god, or man of godlike soul,  
The malice of your niggard fate controul,  
And bless you with a knight's estate, how dear  
Would you be then! how wondrous great appear  
From nothing! Virro, so reserved of late,  
Grows quite familiar: Brother, send your plate,  
\* Dear brother Trebius! you were wont to say  
You liked these dainties, let me help you, pray."  
You, riches, are his brother; and to you  
This warmth of friendship, this respect is due."

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\* The whole of this elegant couplet is entirely gratuitous.

Indeed the rhyme itself hardly prevents this extract from Mr. Gifford's translation of the fifth satire from falling into very tame and common prose ; and if it were printed without the division of lines, no mortal would be rash enough to conjecture that it ever was designed for *poetry*. We sub-join Mr. Hodgson's version of the same passage, not by way of promoting a general comparison, which could not be made, with any shew of justice, out of such scanty materials, but in order to evince the possibility of expressing the same ideas *in verse*, with equal spirit and fidelity :

' But if to Trebius, by the hand of Heaven  
The sudden fortune of a knight were given,  
Or by some friend more bountiful than fate,—  
How is his worth increas'd with his estate !  
Into a lord the little wretch is turn'd,  
And courtly Virro loves the man he spurn'd.  
' Slaves, wait on Trebius !—Would my brother taste  
The sweetbread ? Let it at his side be plac'd !—  
Dear Trebitus !'—Canst thou not the cause divine ?  
He is thy fortune's brother and not thine.'

And it may not be amiss here to add the original lines, which are an example of hexameters much broken and interrupted, yet without any sound that can shock the ear the most nicely susceptible of metrical exactness :

' Quadringenta tibi si quis Deus, aut similis Dis,  
Et melior fatis donaret, homuncio quantus  
Ex nihilo fieres, quantus Virronis amicus !  
Da Trebio— pone ad Trebium—Vis, frater, ab ipsis  
Ilibus ? O nummi, vobis hunc præstat honorem,  
Vos estis fratres !'

Under this head we have one more observation to make. Though the want of harmony and the licence of harsh numbers appear peculiarly favourable to accuracy and closeness of translation, Mr. Hodgson's version is not more diffuse than Mr. Gifford's, but the contrary.

In proceeding to lay before our readers a few specimens of this work, which we hope will be found to justify our opinion of its excellence, we shall not pursue any particular method, but shall first exhibit the style, in which the whole of the fifth satire is executed. Juvenal there indulges in a vein of humour at once cold, playful, and sarcastic, in minutely depicting the thousand humiliations encountered by the mean and needy client, at his patron's



table. It may be called a perpetual antithesis between the luxurious comforts of the rich man, and the sordid fare and revolting insults administered to his miserable dependant.

' But what a dinner shall be thine at last,  
And wine how worthy of the grand repast !  
Thick lees, that woollen of the coarsest grain  
Would not imbibe, shall fire thy madd'ning brain ;  
Thine eyes, like some fierce Coribant's, shall glare,  
Foul words shall trumpet forth th' approaching war—  
Freedman, and parasite with fury glows,  
Saguntine flaggons deal promiscuous blows ;  
Thou too, assail'd shalt hurl the goblets round,  
And with red napkin wipe thy gaping wound.  
' Far from this brawl your happy lord reclines,  
And quaffs the nectar of the noblest vines ;  
(Pour'd when Rome's chiefs were rough with manly hairs,  
Or trampled from the grape mid social wars—)  
Quaffs it alone, nor has the soul to send  
The gen'rous cordial to a drooping friend.  
With Alban juice to-morrow's bowl he fills,  
Or the rich vintage of Campania's hills ;  
Matur'd by such a length of mellowing years,  
That date nor title on the cask appears.  
' Such wines great Thræsea and Helvidius pour'd,  
Crown'd with dark myrtle at the patriot board ;  
When Cassius' natal day was festive made,  
And Freedom drank to godlike Brutus' shade.  
' See rough with amber, and with pearls embost,  
The goblets wielded by thy lordly host :  
Should the proud treasures meet thy grasp by chance,  
See, at thy side, their guardian's watchful glance ;  
Who counts the gems, and saucily the while  
Notes thy long talons with a jeering smile ;  
And cries, ' Your pardon, if too close I gaz'd,  
But yon bright jasper is so highly prais'd.'  
' See to thy hand yon haughty scoundrel bear,  
With grumbling voice and discontented air,  
Black, mouldy, bread, that mocks thy rav'nous bite,  
While Virro banquets on the softest white.  
' Deck'd with rare herbs, and stretching out in state  
A lordly lobster fills thy patron's plate ;  
Borne by the slave aloft, as if to shew  
How much it scorn'd the longing guests below.  
For thee a crab with half an egg is spread,  
Poor as the scanty supper of the dead.  
Venafran olives zest his noble fish,  
Though the pale cabbage in thy nauseous dish

Breathe out the lamp's strong odour, and proclaim  
That the rank seas'ning, from Numidia came.  
Our empty bagnios loathe the Moorish smell,  
And sick'ning snakes creep harmless to their cell.'

In the next passage we shall quote, the reader may think the parallel is pushed to its farthest limits :

'Behold a lamprey—large as ever found  
In Regium's streight, when all is calm around;  
And Aus'ter, resting in his silent cave,  
Shakes from his wings the moisture of the wave :  
Forthsprings the fisher lur'd by such a prize,  
And his bold lines Charybdis' self despise.  
Behold it only-hope not to partake—  
A doubtful animal, 'twixt eel and snake,  
The frost-bit spawn of Tyber, all impure,  
And gross with ordure from the issuing sew'r,  
Such is thy banquet, mark'd with many a stain  
Of its old haunt in mid Suburra's drain.'

Virro's motives are admirably set forth for inflicting these disgraceful insults on his miserable guest :

'Think ye, that Virro treats you thus, to spare  
The costly dainties of his better fare?  
No ! 'tis to place before his wanton eye  
*The hungry glutton's crying comedy ;*  
To see your rankling hearts o'erflow with bile,  
Hear your teeth gnash, and hear them with a smile.'  
'Wise is your host—such insults ought to fall  
On Trebius' head, for he can brook them all ;  
Soon shall he bow his shaven head beneath  
The lordly lash, and not a murmur breathe.  
Soon, the hack slave of e'en this slavish age,  
Reap the last fruits of Virro's patronage.'

From Sat. 5. passim.

On the sixth satire we feel ourselves neither disposed nor authorised to enlarge : yet we cannot pass over this admirable translation in perfect silence, as Mr. Hodgson's powers appear both original and splendid, even when contrasted with with one of the most signal triumphs achieved by the genius of Dryden. Even the description of Messalina, the most finished and most spirited *morceau* that can perhaps be found in the whole translated works of that 'mighty master,' appears to us to be rivalled by the same passage as it is represented in the volume before us. If our classical readers will compare these wonderful bursts of poetic

fire, we are persuaded they will at least think it doubtful, to which the preference ought justly to be awarded. From that satire we must be contented with transcribing a single extract:

'When now the day in jarring strife has past,  
And nature courts a little peace at last,  
The wedded wretch is still condemn'd to hear  
The curtain lecture stun his sleepless ear.  
Then, like a tigress, in resentful mood,  
A tigress, roaring for her ravish'd brood,  
The wife transfers upon the husband's head  
The crime of wand'ring from the marriage bed ;  
And, conscious of her own true guilt within,  
Groans over his supposititious sin ;  
Raves at the servants, or, dissembling weeps,  
'For ah ! her cruel lord a mistress keeps !'  
Weeps at her will, such ready tears supply  
Th' exhaustless fountain of a woman's eye,  
Stand in their place, wait her command to fall,  
Nor ever disobey the sudden call.  
But you, fond cuckold ! by her cunning mov'd ;  
Think never man was like yourself belov'd ;  
Catch on your glowing lips the crystal tide.  
And hang enamour'd o'er your beauteous bride.  
Oh ! could you ope yon escritoire, and there  
Peruse the letters to your jealous fair !— \*

'But lo ! th' adult'ress in the fact is caught—  
Now what excuse, Quinctilian, for her fault ?  
Can all your eloquence defend the deed ?  
No ! for thyself, thou shameless harlot, plead.—  
Nor hesitates the whore—'I've sinn'd, I grant ;  
But mutual freedom was our covenant.  
Say, did I ever act the sordid spy,  
Or interrupt your pleasing privacy !  
Call heaven and earth to witness as you will,  
I shall be frail, and but a woman still.' Sat. 6. v. 411. et seq.

Can any thing exceed the boldness, the spirit, the dramatic effect, of this domestic scene ?

We now take one of the few opportunities that occur of displaying the talents of this translator for tender and interesting poetry, and the picturesque description of natural objects. Juvenal who rarely indulges this vein of pleasing

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\* We have heretaken the liberty of omitting a couplet, which represent nothing in the original, and appears to us to weaken the sufficiently strong effect of the two preceding lines.

sentiment, has never displayed it more amiably, than in the twelfth satire, where he celebrates the escape of his friend from shipwreck :

‘ But when the winds were silent, and the sea  
Lay, as asleep, in smooth tranquillity :  
When now the sailor, rescued from the wave,  
No longer shudder’d at a wat’ry grave ;  
When the kind Fates the lab’ring vessel sped,  
And wove with cheerful hand a whiter thread ;  
Upon the ocean blew a gentle gale,  
And swell’d the gown, extended for a sail.  
Her foresprit only left, the leaky bark  
Saw the glad sun illumine the welkin dark ;  
With renovated hope, o’ercoming fear,  
Saw the green coast of Italy appear :  
And the lov’d hills, to which Iulus bore  
The seat of empire from Lavinium’s shore ;  
Hills that receiv’d an everlasting name  
From the white sow the Mantuan gave to fame.  
‘ The port at length our weary sailors gain  
Where a new Pharos lights the Tuscan main,  
Enter the moles, (that, running out so wide,  
Clasp in their giant arms the billowy tide,  
That leave, afar diminishing, the land,  
More wondrous than the works of nature’s hand)  
And moor their shatter’d bark, where safely stray  
The Baian wherries o’er the quiet bay.  
Now to the pitying gods they haste to bear  
The grateful off’ring of their votive hair ;  
Tread the dear soil again with joyous glee,  
And love to tell the dangers of the sea.’

Sat. 12. v. 101, &c.

This beautiful picture reminds one of all that is fresh, and soft, and brilliant, in the loveliest sea-pieces of Claude, whose delicate and alluring style has been less frequently attempted by the strong hand of Juvenal, than the coarser taste which suggested a copy of vulgar but striking objects to the faithful pencil of Teniers. We do not profess to be great connoisseurs in that Chinese school of painting, which has of late been often so familiar for the purpose of illustrating criticisms on the productions of a sister-art ; but we may confidently refer our readers to Mr. Hodgson’s exhibition of the *menage* of Codrus, the multiplied perils that infest the streets of Rome, and other particulars in the third satire, to prove that he possesses much of the skill, humour, and correctness, that distinguish the Flemish artists.

We cannot excuse ourselves from producing a specimen of the tenth satire.

‘How are the mighty changed to dust ! how small  
 The urn that holds what once was Hannibal !  
 Yet in these silent ashes dwelt a soul  
 No fear could daunt, no limit could controul—  
 Not the wide space of Afric’s fruitful reign,  
 From Nile’s warm torrent to the Moorish main,  
 Stretching its vast interminable tracks  
 To other elephants, and other blacks.  
 Spain swells his empire, but he pants for more ;  
 The steepy Pyrenees he rushes o’er—  
 In vain would nature to the chief oppose  
 Her cloud-capt Alps and everlasting snows ;  
 Burst by his art, the solid mountain yields  
 A yawning passage to Italia’s fields ;  
 Italia’s fields are his ; but, thundering on,  
 Insatiate yet, he cries, ‘ We’ve nothing won !  
 Till the detested gates we batter down,  
 And sound our trumpets through the blazing town,  
 TH I myself in mid Suburra stand,  
 And plant the Punic flag with conquering hand.’  
 Oh ! what a picture would the chief have made,  
 The one-ey’d chief, when thus he proudly said,  
 On his triumphant elephant displayed !  
 Thy work, O Fame ! thus gallantly begun,  
 How didst thou finish for thy favour’d son ?  
 Swift Rout behind and skulking Terror wait  
 On his vain march—the glorious and the great,  
 The godlike Hannibal, condemn’d to fly  
 For shameful safety to a foreign sky,  
 Before a despot’s tent, the cruelsport,  
 The wonder of an Asiatic court,  
 Bows his brave head with all a suppliant’s fear,  
 Till the Bithynian deign to wake, and hear.  
 No hostile dart, nor rocky fragment hurl’d,  
 Laid low this hot disturber of the world ;  
 A little ring aveng’d the heaps of slain,  
 The streams of blood on Cannæ’s fatal plain.  
 Was it for this, infuriate chief, you crost  
 Each Alpine barrier of relentless frost,  
 Was it for this you triumph’d,—to employ  
 The teaching pedant, and declaiming boy ?’

Sat. x. p. 193. \*

Our readers will hardly expect any apology for the length of these extracts, with which we are confident that they will be

much better pleased, than with any observations of our own. It has been our aim not to pick out a few epigrammatic and insulated sentences, but, by passages of sufficient extent to comprise all the leading points of Mr. H.'s style, to enable our readers to judge of the general merits of his execution. The prevailing faults, which will arrest their attention, are a degree of carelessness that sometimes affects the diction, and too great a propensity to expand the original, to which indeed unauthorised additions have, in our opinion, been occasionally made. On the whole, however, it cannot be fairly said that many liberties are taken with the original; and the threadbare metaphor of cloathing him with a finer coat, which does not fit him so exactly,\* is by no means applicable. But of the last-mentioned fault we wish to denounce one example, which offends us the more, because it is interpolated in a passage of great force, and extraordinary beauty, in the fourteenth satire. Juvenal's expression—*Cum facias pejora senex*—is amplified into a couplet—

‘When in thy life still fouler blots are seen,  
And the dry wood's more rotten than the green;’

in which not only is a new line added, but an unmeaning, we had almost said an incongruous metaphor, is introduced; for rotten wood must be dry, and green wood cannot be rotten. Though we have not transcribed the passage, in which this faulty metaphor occurs, it ought not to escape the censure of sound criticism.

There are critics, whom nature has formed rather to discover a flaw in the drapery of the finest statue, than to contemplate the beauty of its form; who can detect the discoloration of a single stone, but are incapable of admiring the magnificent effect of a building; and whose utter inability to feel and relish the genuine excellence of poetry leaves them at full leisure to search for grammatical errors, and minute violations of the rules in perusing the best and noblest composition. To such critics we can promise but little gratification in Mr. H.'s volume, the language of which is in general, if not universally, remarkable for correctness. One or two questionable phrases we think it necessary to point out. ‘Sooner than *me* shall these vile Syrians sign’ may at least be doubted, though it is by no

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\* This ancient and reverend joke is neatly applied by bishop Secker in one of his letters to Miss Carter—‘Unless you can prove to me that Epictetus wore a laced coat, I will not allow you to dress him in one.’



means an uncommon idiom, according to the usage of our best \*writers, and in conformity with the French expression, '*plutôt que moi*'; sooner than *I* is indisputably accurate, and therefore ought to be preferred. We had marked '*boyish gold*' as an objectional translation of *bullæ*; but Johnson's definition of *boyish*—'*belonging to a boy*,' and our recollection of the Latin *virilis*, which is perpetually joined to *toga*, convince us that we were mistaken in our first impression. The expression '*doglike offals*,'—signifying '*such offals as a dog might eat*,' stands upon wholly different ground, and is, we think indefensible; at the same time we must observe that we have great doubts whether Juvenal's Latin was pure, when he employed *farris canini* for the same purpose; and if the reviews of his time could be produced, we would venture a large wager that the phrase would be found severely stigmatised by our Roman brethren. '*Each thought their native gods*,' &c. though at first sight it appears open to censure, is in fact only a trap for a shallow grammarian, who would complain that the natural adjective *their* should be referred to *each*, a singular substantive; forgetting that *each* referred to two nouns of multitude,—the state, or people of Ombi on the one hand, and that (or rather *those*) of Tentyra on the other. We will illustrate this by an instance, which occurs to us at the moment, though it may be condemned as drawn from our own vocation. '*One set of reviewers calumniated a work, of which they could not feel the excellence; another strove to do justice to genius, which they respected and admired: each maintained that their own opinion was right.*' So much for Mr. H.'s verbal errors.

The eighth satire and the thirteenth, being translated by two friends of the author, Mr. Merivale, and Mr. B. Drury, require a separate examination. We should have been equally astonished and concerned, if these two important satires had been consigned to feeble hands, by one so capable of doing them ample justice as Mr. Hodgson: it appears to us that his confidence in the abilities of his friends is perfectly justified by their performance. The eighth is executed certainly with singular fidelity; but, that quality is not inconsistent with animation, and we think the critic may suspect himself of dullness, who condemns such lines as the following for want of spirit:

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\* One well known instance will instantly strike the reader:

'The nations, not so blest as *thee*,' &c. Thomson's '*Rule Britannia*.'

' Say, progeny of Teucer, is it birth  
 That fixes on the useful brute his worth ?  
 The gen'rous horse, to whom the judge decrees  
 The palm of oft-repeated victories,  
 O'er whom the thunders of the circus roll,  
 First in the race, and earliest at the goal,  
 For his own worth we prize, and ne'er enquire  
 The pastures where he fed, nor what his sire ;  
 While the degen'rate and unhonour'd steed,  
 Though sprung from fam'd Hirpinum's ancient breed,  
 Or from the fleetest of Corinthian mares,  
 Sells undistinguished at the public fairs,  
 There no respect to ancestry is paid  
 No honour to the gallant courser's shade ;  
 His slow and sluggish offspring must belong  
 To ev'ry clod that buys him for a song,  
 Bend the gall'd neck, inglorious, to the wain,  
 Or turn a mill, worn blind with age and pain.

' If then to honour's meed thy soul aspires,  
 Let thine own actions claim it, not thy sires ;  
 If thou wouldst rise to glory, shew some cause  
 For praise, nor rest on undeserv'd applause.

' Enough for him, whose pride can stoop to claim  
 His grand alliance to a tyrant's name ;  
 For plain good sense, first blessing of the sky,  
 Is rarely met with in a state so high.  
 Now, Ponticus, my mind reverts to thee !  
 Thy praise by birth bestow'd I will not see ;  
 Thyself unworthy of futurity.

'Tis weak to rest on others your renown ;  
 Shake but the pillar, the whole pile falls down.  
 The vine, that creeps abandon'd on the plain,  
 Looks to its widow-elm's support in vain.  
 Be thou, thyself, in war thy country's sword,  
 In peace the upright judge and gen'rous lord ;  
 If ever summon'd by the sacred laws  
 A witness in some dark, uncertain cause,  
 Though Phalaris himself command the lie,  
 And present torments prompt the perjury,  
 Count in an evil, worse than flames or death  
 To barter honour for this short-liv'd breath ;  
 Or, for the sake of fickle life, to give  
 That, which alone should make thee wish to live.  
 Worthy his fate, the perjurd wretch will die,  
 How great soe'er his wealth and luxury ;  
 Though he lie plung'd in essenc'd baths, and eat  
 A hundred Lucrine oysters at a treat.

Sat. 8. v. 67, &c.

Among a variety of strong and admirable passages, with which the thirteenth satire abounds, we regret that our selections must be very limited. The original of the following passage is fresh in the recollection of every classical reader.

'On earth, pure morals took the place of law,  
A crime the greatest wonder that they saw.  
'Twas a foul sin, and doom'd to deadly rage,  
If youth arose not, at th' approach of age;  
If boys to bearded men their seat denied,  
Though, drunk with plenty, flush'd with rustic pride,  
At home they saw more clustering berries swell,  
And countless acorns of the largest shell.—  
Four years' precedence was so high rever'd,  
Nor less the glories of the dawning beard.' Sat. 13. v. 81.

In the other passage, he ridicules his friend's indignation at sustaining a trifling loss, while the great wholesale traffic of crimes is carried on upon the largest scale:

'Nor these the times to rave at petty fraud,  
When giant Guilt, unfetter'd, stalks abroad.  
Mark the dread ruffian, who for cursed hire  
Lays the dark train, and spreads the sudden fire;  
Mark those, who, bold in sacrilegious lust,  
Profane the goblet's venerable rust;  
Bear off the antique temple's massy plate,  
Gift of some hoary king, or friendly state;  
No precious relic there? the meaner thief  
Scrapes from Alcides' thigh the golden leaf,  
Peels Neptune's cheek, and Castor's burnish'd skin—  
What should HE not, who, plung'd in deeper sin,  
Insatiate, more than once, without demur,  
Has melted down a whole-length Thunderer?  
Mark those, who poison sell, mark those who buy;  
And him, with whom a guiltless ape must die,  
Condemn'd to sink beneath the foaming tide,  
Alive imprison'd in a noisome hide.  
Yet these how scant a portion of the crew,  
Whom justice and her myrmidons pursue!  
What crimes from morn till eve, from year to year,  
The sad recorder, Gallicus, must hear!  
That single court, if doubts perplex your mind,  
Enough depicts the morals of mankind:  
Though brief your stay and observations there,  
From that foul sink emerging into air,  
Pronounce yourself unhappy if you dare.' Ib. v. 219.

The more important parts of the satire are all rendered with equal spirit; the persecutions of conscience are full of dreadful energy; and the close of the description, where the guilty wretch feels his complete abandonment by Heaven itself, is scarcely to be exceeded:

‘Nor dares the sinner, in that trying hour,  
Devote due victims to his guardian power:  
In vain for him the bleating lamb would fall,  
Nor crested cock his dreadful doom recal;  
Say, to what hope his suffering soul shall flee,  
Or where the victim worthier death than he?’ Ib. v. 352.

Having stated thus much of the contents of this volume, we return to its general character. Though we have dwelt with delight on the extreme beauty of diction and smoothness of versification displayed in it on soft and interesting subjects, we are decidedly of opinion that the peculiar talent it exhibits is a talent for satire. The shrewdness with which he enters into Juvenal's observations on human nature, his wit, his humour, and his irony, the ardour of his attacks, and the dramatic felicity of his style, are the true elements of satiric power. He never appears to enter with more animation into the feelings of his author, than when he vents his indignation against the sanctified hypocrites of his day.

‘Oh let me fly to some deserted coast,  
Some dreary region of eternal frost,  
Far from the cant of hypocrites precise,  
Far from the sermonizing slaves of vice,  
Who seem all virtue in the streets of Rome,  
And swell the Bacchanalian roar\* at home!’

There may possibly be a class of persons in this country, who will not feel quite comfortable under the idea that such uncommon satirical talents are alive to the mischief and the absurdity of those fanatical pretensions which have created a strange and anomalous faction among us. These persons may affect to depreciate the present work, by a variety of tortuous manœuvres. They may possibly deny

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\* We are not quite satisfied with this phrase (which means nothing more than the indulgence of convivial debauchery) as a translation of *Buchanalia vivunt*, which embraces the whole train of vices charged on that frantic crew. We prefer ‘live like Bacchanals,’ as it is rendered by Mr. Gifford, who however has assumed an unwarrantable licence, in translating the sober term ‘*libet*’ into the lyrical exclamation ‘O for an eagle’s wings!’

the utility or even the lawfulness of satire in general. They may censure the present translator, for offering to the English public poems, with which the English public has been familiar these ten years, through another medium; they may squeamishly reprobate a freedom of language, which is equalled even by Johnson, and much surpassed by Dryden and Pope, or they may think it prudent boldly to underrate the genius, which has given birth to the present volume. If we are not mistaken, they will make a direct and fierce attack against the notes, which have, in some cases, been evidently composed with too much rapidity, and in particular to fasten on a censure too hastily and too generally passed upon the writings of Cowper. If, indeed, what Mr. H. states be true, that the works of that author are more frequently reprinted than any other book besides the Bible and Shakspeare, we think this fact a lamentable symptom of the public taste. It cannot be accounted for by the excellence of Cowper's poetry, and ought perhaps to be ascribed to the prevalence of those Calvinistic opinions, of which he was the apostle and the martyr. To his pure and benevolent mind those doctrines were only a misfortune; but to others they have furnished a pretext for indulging the blackest passions of our nature; rancour, arrogance, the spirit of persecution, the most sordid self-interest, compassing its base ends, through the agency of the most contemptible hypocrisy. In a word, they have been the apology for every virtue, and the cloak for every vice.

The same note contains a very severe judgment upon Thompson, who is uncereemoniously and strangely ushered in, with the ludicrous *prænomen* "Jemmy." Without entering into our reasons for dissenting from this and some other of Mr. H.'s criticisms, we will only observe that, in our opinion, he would have had more chance of making proselytes to them, if his language had been more cautious in respect to authors of established reputation. In a note to the preface, (which seems to be in some degree *postliminious*, as it was composed after the Annotations) we think some regret is discovered for the literary *παρρησία* so conspicuous in many of his observations. He thus expresses a doubt of the justice of his censure on Thomson, from a perusal of Dr. Johnson's panegyric on that favourite poet,—a doubt surely well founded, when we remember Johnson's frugality of praise, especially to his own contemporaries. We agree, however, in the opinion that the Castle of Indolence is Thomson's best performance, and are confident that another per-

usal of that beautiful allegory will compel our author to retract the assertion that the poet wants 'harmony, or great merit of any kind.' We cannot account for an opinion so completely at variance with the good taste and high poetic feeling of which Mr. Hodgson has given so many unquestionable proofs, by conjecturing that he has only looked over that poem, at an early age, when allegory is always more perplexing than instructive, and when the Spenserian stanza might fatigue his ear.—This and some other strictures on celebrated writers ought to be expunged; and if Mr. H. will also strike out some uncalled-for treatises on irrelevant topics, there will remain in his notes enough of useful and apposite explanation, to form a valuable commentary on Juvenal. His accounts of the Roman coins (notes to sat. 1. and 5.) of the Roman month (sat. 9.) of the Roman luxury (sat. 11.), and many descriptions of Roman laws and customs, bear honorable testimony to his industry and research. But the notes that will be read with most satisfaction, are those which illustrate Juvenal by means of parallel passages admirably translated from other Roman poets, principally Claudian, Statius, and Martial. All those selected by him are eminently beautiful in the original, and are, almost without exception, greatly improved in their English dress. The well known address to sleep by Statius, as it is here rendered, might be cited as one of the most highly-finished specimens of English versification. We regret the want of room to insert, and cannot find it in our hearts to mutilate or abridge, this exquisite production.

We close this volume for the present, with the conviction that we shall be tempted frequently to resume it, and shall always derive fresh delight from the perusal. While we are anxious to acknowledge our obligation, as individuals, to the author, we think a still more imperious duty incumbent upon us in our critical capacity to point out its rare merit to our readers and the world. Far from adhering to that new sect which would limit the honorable functions of criticism to the detection of faults, and the condemnation of offenders,\* it appears to us old English reviewers, that the most useful, as well as the most agreeable part of our office is to confer deserved praise, and render 'honour to whom honour is due.' No literary truth is more important than that conveyed in the remark of Paterculus *honus alit artes*; and though it would be culpable to abstain from

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\* *Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur.*



exposing, as we have done in the present instance, the blemishes of a youthful poet, it should be remembered that the cold and malignant denial of just applause to him, who with trembling sensibility introduces to the world the first offspring of his muse, by strangling the motives for future exertion, might have deprived the republic of letters of many of its noblest ornaments. Of Mr. Hodgson it is bare justice to declare, that he has displayed all the essential qualities of a poet, that can be found in a translation; but we hope ere long to have an opportunity of appreciating his claims to the higher praise of invention and original composition. We have already stated that we think him peculiarly gifted with satirical talents: and he cannot be at a loss for proper objects on which to employ them, while our *Tartuffes* are daily assuming a thousand new disguises, and while cold-blooded metaphysicians pretend to regulate the public taste in regard to poetry and the *belles lettres*.

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ART. II.—*A new Illustration of the Sexual System of Carolus Von Linnaeus.* By Robert John Thornton, M. D. Chiefly Prints. 30l. Boards. Symonds. 1808.

THE bastard title, as it is called, states this production to be 'A British Trophy in Honor of Linnaeus,'—and in the title-page of the work, the author points out, through the medium of a *pun*, the proud design of eclipsing all former works of this kind now publishing in France, and the continent, and then,

Shall Britons, in the field  
Unconquer'd still, the better laurel lose?  
In finer arts and public works shall they  
To Gallia yield?

THOMSON.

It must be confessed, that the English stand behind no other nation as far as respects genius, painting, engraving, type and letter-press, and it is to be lamented, that till of late, little or no exertions have been made to furnish encouragement to the arts and sciences, and these have proceeded more from the public at large, than either the smile of princes, or the liberality of the great. Even such exertions have only at last been crowned with success by means of *lotteries*, and we doubt, whether Doctor Thornton, with all his claims to public patronage, will ever bring back the large sums he must have expended on this magnificent undertaking.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 14. July, 1808.

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The work is dedicated by permission to her majesty. It is divided into three parts. The first comprehends a very clear account of all the parts of fructification, as the *calyx*, *corolla*, *nectary*, *pericarp*, and *seeds*; which are explained by analytical tables, and next synthetically, with a definition of the botanical terms usually applied to these parts. The reader having acquired so much knowledge of the first principles of the science, is then presented with a translation of a Prize Dissertation on the Sexes of Plants, written by Linnæus, accompanied with copious and very learned notes. He is gradually led on to the main object of the work in a second part, the *Illustrations of the Sexual System of Linnæus*, which is ingeniously explained by symbolical representations, and this complicated system, is rendered thereby so easy, that any one may acquire immediately a clear idea of the classes of plants. The orders are also very perspicuously explained. A synthetical table of the whole follows, and lastly appears the *Reformed Sexual System*. This amendment of the Sexual System has met with the approbation of several very eminent judges of the subject, and does much credit to Doctor Thornton. The twenty-four classes of Linnæus are simplified to thirteen. Doctor Thornton expresses an hope, that the Reformed Sexual System will supersede, that of the original system, and not moulder like the other reformed systems into the sand of which they were composed, but resemble the youthful phoenix arising from the ashes of its parents.

Doctor Thornton has preferred pulling the Sexual System to pieces, and erecting a new one by a fresh disposition of the original materials, to any partial amendments, and his Reformed System has this advantage, that it is easier and a more perfect system, than the original, of which, however, the names and ideas are retained: it is the arrangement that constitutes the principal distinction.

The botanist is next led into a flower garden, where the beauties of the vegetable race, collected from the four quarters of the world, bloom in all their native perfection. This part, is entitled the *Temple of Flora, or Garden of Nature, being picturesque botanical coloured plates of the new Illustration of the Sexual System*. Besides serving as a relief to the flowers, the back-grounds are of use to explain the country, of which each is a native: a plan entirely new in this branch of art, as is also the printing of flowers in colours, which gives a fine effect, and we do not recollect ever to have seen flowers so perfectly resembling nature. The first flower-plate in the work is the SNOW DROP and CROCUS,

with an expressive picturesque scenery of snow and a wintry sky. The *second* is the PERSIAN CYCLAMEN, in its various stages; and it is seen burying its own seeds in the ground. A Persian building denotes its country. The *third* is a choice collection of fine HYACINTHS: the back-ground a view in Holland, where these bulbs are chiefly cultivated. The *fourth*, a group of ROSES, among which nightingales are introduced in reference to the Persian story of the loves of the nightingale and the rose. The *fifth*, of CARNATIONS of great beauty and an immoderate size, with an Italian back-ground. The *sixth*, of AURICULAS, and Alpine scenery, where these plants are indigenous. The *seventh* plate is a collection of rare TULIPS, of great beauty, with a Dutch view for the back ground. The *eighth* is the STRELITZIA REGINÆ, named in honor of our queen, with foreign scenery behind. The *ninth* is a branch of AMERICAN ALOE, and in the back ground is introduced, at a distance the whole plant in miniature, with a man contemplating it to shew the comparative height. The *tenth* is the beautiful RENEALMIA. The *eleventh*, the NIGHT-BLOWING CERES: the scenery, night, the full moon, and a turret, with a clock denoting the hour twelve, when this plant is in full perfection. The *twelfth* is a representation of the OBLIQUE-LEAVED BEGONIA, a plant producing from the same stems male and female flowers. An American butterfly denotes the country. The *thirteenth* is the large FLOWERING SENSITIVE PLANT, with humming birds, characteristic of the region where this flower flourishes. The *fourteenth* is a beautiful plate of the BLUE PASSION-FLOWER, in all its various stages, clambering up a pillar. The *fifteenth* is the WINGED PASSION FLOWER, a very beautiful exotic. The *sixteenth* is the QUADRANGULAR PASSION-FLOWER, a very rare plant, we believe, in the first hot-houses. The *seventeenth*, is the COMMON LILY. The *eighteenth* is the SUPERB LILY, presenting a pyramid of rich flowers, red and yellow, somewhat resembling the common Turk's cap. The *nineteenth* is the DRAGON ARUM, a most foetid and poisonous plant, with appropriate scenery. The *twentieth* is the MAGGOT-BEARING STAPELIA, whose tainted smell like that of carrion, invites the fly to deposit her eggs on the flower which are soon converted into maggots: the green snake denotes Africa, and the wild scenery with which it is surrounded points out the poisonous nature of this plant. The *thirtieth* plate represents those curious bog-plants of America, the FÆTID POTHOS, the PITCHER-PLANT, and VENUS'S FLY TRAP, all very curious and interesting

plants. The *thirty-first* is the PONTIC RHODODENDRON, possessing a curious neclary, and a bee collecting from thence its honey, which proves deleterious to man. The *thirty-second* is the AMERICAN COWSLIP. The *thirty-third*, the NARROW-LEAVED THALMA, an American plant, growing in a bog, surrounded by mountains covered with snow. The leaves of this plant are the food of the American elk, but honey collected from its flowers, is poisonous, which induced the congress to issue a caution on this subject. The *thirty-fourth* is the CHINA LIMODORUM, a very beautiful plant with a pagoda in the back-ground. The *thirty-fifth* is the INDIAN REED, a river in the back-ground, and an Indian building. The *thirty-sixth* is the SACRED EGYPTIAN BEAN, growing in the Nile. Three pyramids are seen in the distant scenery. Nothing can exceed the grandeur or beauty of this plant. The *thirty-sixth* is the BLUE EGYPTIAN WATER LILY, growing also in the Nile, with a distant view of Aboukir. The flowers are, upon the whole, a judicious selection for the purpose of illustrating the Sexual System of Linnæus. Their descriptions seem to us more copious than most that have hitherto appeared; but we are sorry to add that, by a great error in judgment, on each flower there is a copy of verses, sometimes from the author, but usually from his unpoetic friends, such as Dr. Shaw, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Pye, and Mr. Pratt. These of course detract from the value of the work, which we could have wished to consider in a botanical point of view that we might have bestowed upon it unqualified approbation.

ART. III — *Memoirs of Sir Thomas More, with a new Translation of his Utopia, his History of King Richard III. and his Latin Poems* By Arthur Cayley the Younger, Esq. 2 Vols. 4to. Cadell and Davies.

AS we have lately given an epitome of the life of Sir Thomas More in our review of Mr. Macdiarmid's *British Statesmen*, and as the principal sources from which Mr. Cayley has derived his information are the same with those which Mr. Macdiarmid had previously consulted, we shall only mention some particulars of this extraordinary man which we have not already detailed, or some which Mr. Macdiarmid has omitted, or which Mr. Cayley has more copiously explained. Sir John More, the father of Sir Thomas was thrice married: this was rather a bold venture in a man who

compared the chances of a happy choice to 'one who dipped his hand in a bag which contained twenty snakes and one eel, it was *twenty to one that he caught the eel.*' While Sir Thomas More was studying the law in London, his father 'allowed him so little money that he could not dress with decency, and exacted from him a most particular account of his expences. This conduct was applauded by More in his riper years as having preserved him from idleness, gaming, bad company and vice in general.' In the poetry of More, the defects were those of his age, but the beauties were his own. It exhibits instances of polished diction, of just conceptions, and beautiful combinations. The following picture of Fortune is characteristic and appropriate.

'Fast by her side doth weary Labour stand,  
Pale Fear also and Sorrow all bewept,  
Disdain and Hatred on that other hand  
Eke restless Watch, from sleep with travail kept,  
His eyes drowsy, and looking as he slept.  
Before her standeth Danger and Envy,  
Flatt'ry, Deceit, Mischief, and Tyranny.'

More's first wife, did not survive their union more than six years ;

'and two or three years after her death he married Mrs. Alice Middleton, a widow with one daughter, by whom he had no children. More used to say of this lady, that she was *nec bella nec puella*, and the great grandson's account of her and of her marriage with More are (is) curious. This he did not of any concupiscence, for he would often affirm that chastity is more hardly kept in wedlock than in a single life ; but because she might have care of his children, which were very young, from whom of necessity he must be very often absent. She was of good years, of no good favour nor complexion, nor very rich ; by disposition very near and worldly. I have heard it reported, he wooed her for a friend of his, not once thinking to have her for himself. But she wisely answering him, that *he might speed if he would speak in his own behalf*, telling his friend what she had said unto him, with his good liking he married her, and did that which otherwise he would perhaps never have thought to have done. And indeed her favour, as I think, would not have bewitched or scarce ever moved any man to love her.'

More appears early to have foreseen in the ferment of the human mind which was at that time but just beginning to appear, and in the concussion of new and old opinions which was then rather an object of gloomy apprehension than of actual experience, the ultimate triumph of the



principles of the reformation and the consequent subversion of the existing establishments. When Mr. Roper, who married his daughter and afterwards wrote an account of his life, was one day expatiating

‘On the happy estate of this realm, which had so catholic a prince that no heretic dared to shew his face, so virtuous and learned a clergy, so grave and sound a nobility, and so loving obedient subjects, all in one faith;—the knight replied, *truth it is indeed, son Roper*, and even exceeded him in commendation: and yet, *son Roper*, he continued, *I pray God that some of us, as high as we seem to sit upon the mountains, treading heretics under our feet like ants, live not the day that we would gladly be at league and composition with them to let them have their churches quietly to themselves, so that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves.*’

In 1529, More, while attending the court at Woodstock, received intelligence that part of his dwelling house at Chelsea and all his barns, full of corn, had been consumed by fire, and that the barns of some of his near neighbours had been destroyed by the conflagration. The letter which he wrote to his wife on this occasion, displays in every part the serenity of a philosopher and the benevolence of a Christian.

The moral temperament of More was characterized by an undeviating probity. This he evinced in the most delicate and trying situations: Not all the terrors of Henry’s capricious and unrelenting tyranny could make him swerve from the strait line of rectitude and of truth. In his judicial administration the most rigid Roman could not have been more inflexibly just. No private nor personal regards were ever suffered in the smallest degree to influence his decisions. The following anecdote, though it relates to a frivolous occurrence, is characteristic of the man:

‘While he was sitting in his hall one day, a beggar came to him to complain that Lady More detained a little dog which belonged to her. The chancellor sent for his lady and ordered her to bring the dog with her. He took it into his hands, and placing lady More at the upper end of the hall, desired the beggar to stand at the lower end. I sit here, he said, to do every one justice; and he desired each of them to call the dog. The little favourite immediately forsook his new mistress and ran to the beggar; upon which lady More was compelled to indulge her partiality by purchasing the animal.’



When More resigned his office of lord chancellor, which his determination not to assent to what he deemed the unwarrantable measures of the king, would no longer suffer him to hold, a great change was produced in his external circumstances, but none in the internal cheerfulness and serenity of his mind. His wife, however, whose affections were more fixed on the things of this world, could not endure this revolution in his circumstances with the same pious equanimity. The following anecdote marks the characteristic difference between the philosopher and his lady :

‘ During his chancellorship, one of More’s attendants had been in the habit, after the church service was over, of going to his lady’s pew to inform her when the chancellor was gone. The first holiday after the resignation of his office, Sir Thomas came to the pew himself, and, making a low bow, said, *madam, my lord is gone*. His lady at first imagined this to be one of his jests, and took little notice of it; but when he informed her seriously that he had resigned the seal, she was in a passion. The facetious knight called his daughters, and asked them if they could espy no fault in their mother’s appearance? Being answered in the negative, he replied, *do ye not perceive that her nose standeth somewhat awry?* The good lady is reported to have exclaimed with her usual worldly feeling on this occasion. *Tili vally, what will you do Mr. More? will you sit and make goslings in the ashes? it is better to rule than to be ruled.*’

After his resignation of the chancellorship, More’s income amounted to little more than one hundred pounds a year; and as he had hitherto lived under the same roof with his children and grandchildren, in a style of unrestrained hospitality, a great reduction became necessary in his establishment, that he might be able to provide for himself and relatives, with whom he cheerfully shared his remaining means, the common necessities of life. The magnanimity and generosity of a truly noble mind are best seen when conflicting with indigence and misfortune.

More’s knowledge of Henry’s character made him anticipate his fate before it came; and one of his great endeavours appears to have been to prepare his family for the sad event. For this purpose he frequently descanted on the blessedness of those who endured every extremity of evil rather than violate their principles of rectitude.

‘ He would talk,’ says Mr. Roper, ‘ unto his wife and children of the joys of heaven and pains of hell, of the lives of holy martyrs, of their grievous martyrdoms, of their marvellous patience, and of

their passions and deaths; which they suffered rather than they would offend God. And what a happy and blessed thing it was, for the love of God to suffer the loss of goods, imprisonment, loss of lands, and life also. Wherewith and the like virtuous talk, he had so long before his trouble encouraged them, that when he afterward fell into trouble indeed, his trouble was to them a great deal less.

The following letter was written by More to his favourite daughter, Margaret, on July 5th, 1535, the day before his execution.

*Sir Thomas More to Mrs. Roper.*

‘Our Lord bless you, good daughter, and your good husband, and your little boy, and all yours; and all my children, and all my god-children and all our friends. Recommend me when you may to my good daughter Cicily, whom I beseech our Lord to comfort! and I will send her my blessing, and to all her children, and pray her to pray for me. I send her an handkerchief; and God comfort my good son her husband!

‘My good daughter Daunce hath the picture in parchment which you delivered me from my lady Coniers; her name is on the back-side. Shew her that I heartily pray her, that you may send it in my name to her again, for a token from me to pray for me.

‘I like special well Dorothy Coly, I pray you be good unto her! I would wit whether this be she whom you wrote me of? If not, yet I pray you be good to the other, as you may in her affliction, and to my god-daughter Joan Aleyn too. Give her, I pray you, some kind answer; for she sued hither to me this day, to pray you, be good to her.

‘I cumber you, good Margaret, much; but I would be sorry if it should be any longer than to-morrow. For it is St. Thomas even, and the nias of St. Peter; and therefore to-morrow long I to go to God,—it were a day very meet and convenient for me. I never liked your manners toward me better than when you kissed me last; for I love when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy. Farewell my dear child and pray for me; and I shall for you and all your friends, that we may merrily meet in heaven. I thank you for your great cost. I send now to my god-daughter Clement her algorism stone; and I send her, and my god-son and all hers, God’s blessing and mine. I pray you, at time convenient, recommend me to my good son, John More. I liked well his natural fashion. Our Lord bless him and his good wife my loving daughter! to whom I pray him be good as he hath great cause; and that if the land of mine come to his hand, he break not my will concerning his sister Daunce. And our Lord bless Thomas and Austin and all that they shall have.’

\* At the appointed time More was conducted from his prison by the lieutenant of the tower to the place of execution; *his beard being long, says his great grandson, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross: casting his eyes often toward heaven.* Yet his facetiousness remained to the last, of which three instances are related to have passed, even upon the scaffold. On ascending this structure, he found it so weak that it was ready to fall; upon which he said to the lieutenant, *I pray see me up safe, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.* As Henry had so prudently imposed silence upon him at this time, More only desired of his spectators that they would pray for him, and bear witness that he there suffered death in and for the faith of the catholic church. This said, he knelt, and repeated a psalm with great devotion, perhaps the fifty-first, the fifty-sixth, or the fifty-seventh. He then rose cheerfully, and the executioner asking his forgiveness, More kissed him and said, *thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit, than ever any mortal man can be able to give me. Pluck up thy spirits man, and be not afraid to do thy office. My neck is very short; take heed therefore that thou strike not awry, for saving thy honesty.* When he laid his head upon the block, he desired the executioner to wait till he had removed his beard, *for that had never committed treason.* So with great alacrity and spiritual joy, adds his great grandson, 'he received the fatal blow of the axe; which had no sooner severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was put upon him which can never fade nor decay.'

More was naturally of a temperament highly irritable and sensitive to suffering. But by continual watchfulness over himself, he had learned to controul the vehemence of his sensations, and he had certainly acquired a more than ordinary fortitude in enduring the pains, the privations and vicissitudes of life. With respect to the government of his temper,

'Mr. Roper informs us that in the sixteen years during which he was an inhabitant of his father-in-law's house, he did not once see More in a fume. Margaret Gigs, who was brought up with More's children, said that she sometimes committed a fault for the purpose of hearing Sir Thomas chide her, he did it in so grave, and at the same time, in so moderate, so loving, and so compassionate a manner. Erasmus likewise informs us of his intimate friend *'comitate totam familiam moderatur, in qua nulla tragædia, nulla rixa.'*

With respect to equanimity in the most trying scenes, the loss of fortune, of distinction, and of life, no man appears ever to have submitted to these with a more cheerful

acquiescence in the fitness of such calamitous visitations. He descended without one murmur of discontent from a state of honour, of fortune, and of power, to one of obscurity and indigence, and he sacrificed his life to the scruples of his conscience. Although his frame was gifted by nature with uncommon sensibility, which was associated with a proportionate dread of pain, yet such was the ardour of his integrity as to overpower the sense of his physical suffering. On the scaffold instead of any recreant fear, he displayed that visible, unaffected complacency which the sense of rectitude only can inspire; and if there be any thing great or dignified in consistency of character, that exultation of praise must be conceded to More, for he was the same in death as he had been in life,—the same in cheerfulness of deportment when he appeared as a malefactor on the scaffold as when in circumstances of more external splendor he had been invested with all the insignia of the highest judicial office in the state.

The second volume contains More's *Utopia*, his history of king Richard III. and his Latin poems and epigrams. Of the *Utopia* Mr. Cayley has exhibited a new and perspicuous translation. The *Utopia*, which is more often mentioned than read, but which is highly deserving of perusal, is a sort of philosophical or political romance, which presents a beautiful picture of what the writer deemed a perfect government. When we consider the period of ignorance and superstition, of spiritual domination and of secular tyranny in which this work was written, compared with the enlightened sentiments of civil and religious liberty which it breathes, and the agreeable delineation of an ameliorated state of society which it depicts, we cannot help regarding it as one of the noblest exertions of the human mind in the age in which it appeared. Some of the *practical* improvements which it suggests in our moral and political institutions have not even yet been realised, though they are the wish of all who are most eminent in wisdom and in virtue. Among the most distinguished, the most forcibly desired, and the most imperiously needed of these improvements is a form of public worship in which there are no sectarian peculiarities, but in which all denominations of religionists may join in supplications and thanksgivings to the Father of spirits, in spirit and in truth.

'Though,' says Sir Thomas More, 'there be many different forms of religion among them, all agree in the main point of worshipping the divine essence. Therefore there is nothing to be seen

or heard in their temples, in which the several persuasions among them may not agree. For every sect performs the rites peculiar to it in their private houses, and there is nothing in the public worship which contradicts these peculiarities. There are no images of God in their temples, therefore every one may represent him to his thoughts in his own way; nor do they use for him any other name than Mithras, their term in common for the divine essence, whatever otherwise they think of it; nor have they any forms of prayer, but such as every one of them may use without prejudice to his private opinion.

Such was the opinion which Sir Thomas More had formed of what a public worship ought to be, even in the sixteenth century. But near three centuries have since elapsed and such a mode of adoration is still as great a desideratum in our times as it was in his. Sir Thomas More has not inspired his Utopians with any thing like a proselyting spirit, nor has he made them freight ships with cargoes of fanatical missionaries in order to disturb the peace of other quarters of the globe. He seems to have thought, and wisely thought, that God might be pleased with a variety of offerings, as long as they were the offerings of the heart. For it is the heart which sanctifies the oblation. It is what Christ called the *worship that is paid in spirit and in truth*, which is acceptable to God; and *this worship is not restricted to any peculiarities of diction or of form*. If only one religion be true and the rest false, the false must, by the simple force of truth, which has not only a progressive motion, but an accumulating force, be finally vanquished by the true.

The Utopians had few priests; but those few were eminently good. They were chosen by the people; and, when chosen, consecrated by the college of priests.

The Utopians 'detest war as brutal, and which to the reproach of human nature is more practised by man than by any beast. In opposition to the sentiment of almost every other country, they think nothing more inglorious than the glory gained by war.' But still the Utopians were accustomed to military exercises in order to defend their hearths and homes. The Utopians made no treaties, not only because they were seldom observed, but because they thought that 'the partnership of human nature was instead of a league; and that kindness and good-nature unite men more strongly than any compact whatever, since the engagements of the heart were stronger than the obligation of words.' They thought that if the common ties of humanity were insufficient to 'knit men together, the faith of promises



would have little effect.' The Utopians allowed divorce not only for actual adultery but for those causes which are *as essentially opposite to the end for which marriage was designed*. Hence we might be led to believe that the author of Utopia entertained the same opinion as the immortal Milton on this momentous question.

The Utopians define

'Virtue living *according to nature*, and think we are created for that end. They believe man to follow nature when he followeth reason; and say that the first dictate of reason is love and reverence for the Divine Majesty, to whom we owe all we have and all we can hope for. They esteem all our actions and even all our virtues to terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind in which nature teacheth us to delight a pleasure. Thus they carefully limit pleasure to those appetites only to which nature leadeth; for she leadeth, they say, to those delights only to which sense as well as reason point, by which we neither injure another, lose not greater pleasures, nor superinduce inconveniencies.'

'Their religious tenets are these—The soul of man is immortal,—God of his goodness has designed it should be happy; he hath therefore appointed reward for virtue and punishment for vice after this life.'

This was the simple creed which induced them while they went in pursuit of pleasure, never to lose sight of virtue.

In the following passage, More evidently intended to convey an indirect censure on two causes which in his times greatly impeded the improvement of the mind and the advancement of knowledge.

'They have never yet fallen into those barbarous subtleties which youth are obliged to learn in our *trifling logical schools*. They nevertheless know astronomy and have many excellent instruments for ascertaining the course and position of the heavenly bodies. But as for *divining by the stars, their oppositions or conjunctions, this hath never entered their thoughts*.'

The author thus describes the reception which the Utopians gave to some foreign ambassadors who thought to impose on the senses of this simple people by the force of external representation.

'The three ambassadors made their entry with one hundred attendants, all clad in garments of different colours, and the greater part in silk. The ambassadors themselves, who were of the nobility of



their country, were in clothes of gold, adorned with massy chains and rings of gold. Their caps were covered with bracelets, thickly set with pearls and other gems. In a word, they were decorated in those very things, which, among the Utopians, are either badges of slavery, marks of infamy, or play-things for children.

It was pleasant to behold, on one side how big they looked in comparing their rich habits with the plain clothes of the Utopians, who came out in great numbers to see them make their entry; and on the other, how much they were mistaken in the impression which they expected this pomp would have made. The sight appeared so ridiculous to those who had not seen the customs of other countries, that, though they respected such as were meanly clad (as if they had been the ambassadors,) when they saw the ambassadors themselves, covered with gold and chains, they looked upon them as slaves, and shewed them no respect. You might have heard children, who had thrown away their jewels, cry to their mothers, see that great fool, wearing pearls and gems as if he were yet a child; and the mothers as innocently, peace, this must be one of the ambassador's fools.

The author of Utopia has anticipated the objections of the wise and good in modern times against capital punishments. Considering idleness as the great source of crimes, he took ample care to provide against it in the formation of his commonwealth. He rendered labour universal, but he did not condemn any to oppressive toil. In some parts of the work we find some sarcastic reflections on the laziness of the monks, and some very wise reflections against the folly of foreign conquests and the lust of extensive domination. The account which he gives of the moral and political institutions of the Utopians; and of the mode in which they pass their time, is an interesting part of this agreeable production. The greatest defect in the supposed system is the recommendation of a community of goods, which seems impracticable under every modification of political society; and which, even supposing it practicable, would not, we think, be so favourable to virtue and to happiness as the author seems to suppose. A disparity of conditions by the incitements which it furnishes to the exercise of the kind affections, renders the stock of human happiness greater than it could be in circumstances in which a perfect equality in the means of enjoyment should supersede the emulation of industry and the reciprocations of benevolence. This is a radical error in the constitution of Utopia; but there are so many truly wise and philosophic reflections and hints scattered through the whole work that we deem it a highly valuable performance; and one which considering the times in which it was written, indicates a

degree of sagacity and a depth of reflection which cannot be contemplated without more than usual admiration. If we were to deduce our opinion of Sir Thomas More solely from the perusal of his *Utopia*, we should suppose him to have been a man of the most enlarged philanthropy and the most comprehensive views. But we find that the abstractions which he formed in the closet were often at variance with his conduct in the busy detail of life. Here we often find him a prey to superstition; and submitting to a variety of corporeal mortifications of which his philosophic mind, when insulated by its own reflective powers from the errors and prejudices of his contemporaries, did not want sagacity to discern the insignificance and to condemn the absurdity. But the distinguishing feature in his moral character, and in which he may challenge a comparison with the brightest names in Grecian or in Roman story, was his incorruptible integrity. This was superior to temptation; and could never for a moment be shaken by any consideration of interest or of fear. By a slight deflection from his principles, which few would have had the courage to refuse, he might have preserved his fortune and his life; but he nobly disdained to yield even a feigned assent with his lips to what he abominated in his heart. He rather parted with all that the world holds dear, than with the secret but sweet congratulations of an approving conscience. Compare his conduct in this respect with one who afterwards sat on the same bench, and who was, perhaps, his superior in intellectual endowments, Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam. Bacon was greedy of political distinction, and scrupled not to practise any means by which it might be obtained; he was a fawning courtier, a supple parasite, and a perfidious friend; ostentatious, insolent, and domineering in prosperity, and mean, servile, and prostrate in misfortune. But More was the reverse of all this; he was plain-spoken, ingenuous, and sincere in the extreme. When he was most elevated in station, he was most lowly in heart; he was more fearful of wealth and power than others are of obscurity and indigence; but when we see him most persecuted by the malice of fortune, when stripped of all that could excite external consideration, we most admire the constancy of his temper and the sublimity of his resolution.

ART. IV.—*Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly ancient; with explanatory Notes and a Glossary, to which are prefixed some Remarks on the early State of romantic Composition in Scotland.* By John Finlay. 2 Vols. 14s. Millar. 1808.

IF we are not mistaken, Mr. Finlay has already appeared before the public as a poet and obtained some credit by his labours. He now comes forward only as an editor of the works of others, and generally speaking, of such as are very well known already. As records of the manners and language of past ages, it is both interesting, and in some degree important, to preserve the scattered reliques of popular poetry. Yet in the eye of sober criticism, however enthusiasm may spur the suggestion, the intrinsic merit of those pieces is generally small; and, curiosity once gratified by their perusal, there remains little that is worthy the attention or investigation of genius and science.

We have read all the original part of the present publication, that is to say, the preface and commentaries, with some attention, and are yet unable to discover what are the motives which induced the editor to usher it into the world. From his preface, which is clear and sensible, we should have been disposed to pronounce him free from that excessive nationality which distinguishes so many of his literary countrymen of the present day. He denies the proof, and even the probability, of any romance of a Scottish origin, and combats, very successfully as it appears to us, Mr. W. Scott's Theory respecting his favourite work of *Thomas the Rhymer*, to which he assigns an Anglo-Norman parent. The romances of 'Sir Egeis' and the 'Awn-tre of Gawain,' which Mr. Scott also would fain ascribe to his 'dear native land,' Mr. Finlay allows to betray their Norman origin at the outset. Two others, which at first sight one would be inclined to pronounce original Scottish, Mr. Finlay proves to be likewise subject to very considerable doubts at least; and with these end all the pretensions of his countrymen to invented romance.

The second class of poems which Mr. Finlay proposes to discuss is, the historical ballad, of which it cannot be doubted that the Scottish, in common with other nations, contained the sources in its own popular traditions. The earliest of these ballads now extant appears to be that of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' preserved in Dr. Percy's collection,

and reprinted here. Those relating to Wallace, Mr. Finlay seems to place next in chronological order.

'The history of our *romantic ballads*,' proceeds Mr. F. 'admits of more doubt and enquiry. They appear to have been derived from various sources. Some, it is probable, are to be referred to the minstrel romances; episodes, and interesting fragments of which would find their way to the people, and either degenerate into ballads in their progress through a race of unlearned reciters, or be at first translated from the 'quaint Inglis' of the minstrels, into a language intelligible to the ruder audience for which they were intended. Of this derivation, however, much less evidence remains than might have been expected.' P. xxi.

One ballad only, that of 'Burd Helen,' can, he thinks, be named, of which the origin may be ascribed, with any certainty to the minstrel romance.

The remainder of the preface is taken up in combating, or at least restraining the application of, Mr. Jamieson's assertion, 'that Scotland owes much of her romantic ballads to the Scalds who attended the camp of the Scandinavian invaders of Britain.'

After this introduction, a great part of which evinces considerable learning and ingenuity, we fully expected something new and interesting in the work; and when, on turning to the table of contents, we found that our expectation would be, probably, disappointed, we still hoped that the arrangement might at least be such as to throw some new light or produce some satisfactory conclusion. So far, however, from that being the case, the first and longest poem in the collection is that of 'Hardyknute,' which has no pretension whatever to antiquity, being the avowed production of a lady who died in the year 1727. for this reason, though, as an imitation of the old ballad, and even in regard to its intrinsic merits, it possesses claims to notice, we cannot imagine why it has been reprinted by Mr. Finlay unless to introduce his quotation from the Danish account published (by Mr. Johnstone) of the battle of Largs.

Besides 'Hardyknute,' 'Sir Patrick Pens,' 'Edom o' Gordon,' 'Sir Cauline,' and 'Glasgerion,' were all published by Dr. Percy, and most of the other poems in these volumes have appeared in Mr. Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Borders,' or in some one or other of the numerous collections of ballads with which the world has been of late years deluged.

With regard to the few which are printed from MSS. or

oral tradition, we cannot imagine that many persons will conceive themselves much indebted to Mr. Finlay for their production. Let our readers judge from the following specimen.

'Open the gates,  
And let him come in;  
He is my brother Huntly,  
He'll do him nae harm.

'The gates they were opent  
They let him come in,  
But fause traitor Huntly  
He did him great harm.

'He's ben and ben  
And ben to his bed,  
And with a sharp rapier  
He stabbed him dead.' &c. &c. Vol. 2. p. 21.

Three original poems are added to the collection, which we conclude are to be ascribed to Mr. Finlay himself, although he assumes only the modest title of editor. They are professed imitations of the old historical ballad of his country; and, as far as a profusion of unintelligible words, and a lamentable dearth of poetical expression and imagery can entitle them to the praise of successful efforts, they appear to us as deserving of it as any of the numerous similar compositions which we have from time to time had the misfortune to witness. They are, however, introduced by a few lines which are rather above the common standard of merit.

'O, in this deep and lonely glen  
So lovely in its solitude,  
Can thoughts of woe the soul o'erflow,  
Or ought on dreams of peace intrude?

'O, can the gentle stir of leaves,  
The sleepy notes— as of a dream—  
That winds below the green-wood bough,  
The murmur of the lovely stream;—

'Can they of grief and sorrow tell?  
They can—and deeds of blood recall;  
For the tree waves o'er black Creichtoun's tower,  
And the stream runs by its silent wall.' Vol. 2. p. 111.

In giving our opinion of this publication, we have spoken the language which sound justice appears to us to demand.

CRIT. REV. Vol. 14. July, 1808. S



But, notwithstanding our disapprobation, so long as the literary part of the Scottish nation continue to be blessed with the same undaunted perseverance in favour of every thing Scottish, and so long as their southern neighbours retain the same facility of receiving the impressions which they strive so zealously to communicate, Mr. Finlay's present labours will no doubt meet with sufficient encouragement; and we will add that they are more deserving of it than many other works of the same description of which the popularity is already established.

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ART. V.—*The History of the ancient Borough of Pontefract, containing an interesting Account of its Castle, and the three different Sieges it sustained during the Civil War. With Notes and Pedigrees of some of the most distinguished Royalists and Parliamentarians, chiefly drawn from MSS. never before published. By B. Boothroyd. 8vo. pp. 520. 15s. Longman. 1807.*

'I LOVE Pomfret' said Swift; \* 'Why? 'Tis in all our histories: they are full of Pomfret castle.' And it is true that that fortress appears to have been one of the strongest and most important in the kingdom, though it was bestowed by the conqueror on one of his followers, and long continued to be private property in the hands of powerful barons, who were enabled by the possession of it to make formidable head against the crown. The Lacies, the feudal lords of the burgh and its lands, were vigilant observers of all their sovereign's measures, and were bold in their opposition to all his encroachments or other misdeeds; and when Henry de Lacy, having no prospect of issue, rendered up his castle and barony of Pontefract to Edmund earl of Lancaster, the brother of Edward the first, and the heirs of his body, he raised up, in this branch of the royal family, one of the most patriotic leaders of a popular party, that England ever saw. It is said, indeed, that, in his last moments, he charged Thomas of Lancaster, who had married his daughter and was to succeed to his estates, (his father Edmund being dead), to watch the conduct of Edward the second and his favourites, and under all circumstances to defend with

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\* In one of his letters, if we are not mistaken. His remark is appropriately prefixed as the motto to this work.



firmness the liberties of his country; and the principle sunk deep into the heart of his adopted son, who sealed his sincerity with his blood. During the whole of that unfortunate and disgraceful reign, which was blasted by the curse of favouritism and secret influence, he was joined with the leading nobles of the land, in repressing the enormities of the government, reforming its disorders, and healing the injuries inflicted on the people by the blind violence of an infatuated monarch. He was made prisoner at Borough-bridge by the king's forces, and after undergoing the form of a trial, was beheaded as a traitor, in his own town of Pontefract. It is added that some of the populace offered insults to him at the hour of death: the people at large, however, became sensible of his virtues, when they could no longer be useful to them, and acknowledged his merits with the warmest demonstrations of gratitude known in those times, by canonizing him as a martyred saint, and building a chantry on the spot where he was executed.

Edward held the castle and barony of Pontefract for some time in his own hands, and then bestowed them on his favourite, Spencer. But when the indignation of an oppressed and an insulted people expelled that weak prince, and placed Edward the third on the throne, Henry earl of Leicester, the brother of Thomas earl of Lancaster, succeeded to his estates. His son was created duke of Lancaster, after whose death without issue male, John of Gaunt married Blanch, one of his daughters and coheiresses, and Maud, the other, died unmarried, so that he became possessed of the whole Lancastrian property. It would be superfluous to mention by what steps his son arrived at the throne after the deposition of Richard the second, or that these vast possessions were, from that period, united to the English crown. The usurper naturally chose his hereditary castle as the prison of the dethroned king, who is known to have ended his days at Pontefract, though the manner of his death is still a secret.

During the civil wars of York and Lancaster, Pontefract is not much connected with political events, except inasmuch as the castle was sometimes used for the confinement of state criminals, and was very frequently the residence of the court. The body of Richard, duke of York, was buried at the priory of St. John in this town; lord Hastings, earl Rivers, and the other gentlemen who suffered for adhering to the queen's party in the nominal reign of Edward V. were beheaded in Pontefract castle, of which

Sir Richard Radcliffe, one of the most notorious instruments of Richard the third, who perished with him at the battle of Bosworth, was governor during the whole of that reign.

We find a singular anecdote at p. 143, which illustrates the humour of the times to which it relates:

'At the dissolution of abbeyes, one William Tindall, Esq. of Brotherton, raised a tumult in this borough. When the persons who were appointed by government to appraise the goods in St. Giles's church had entered the church to discharge their office, W. Tindall, attended by a servant with a spade and mattock, went through the town and up to the market cross, and made the following ludicrous address, which at least indicates his spirit and attachment to the superstitions which had hitherto prevailed. 'If there be any person,' cried he, 'that Jesus Christ is indebted to, let him come and make his claim, for Jesus Christ is dead, and I have brought my man to make his grave and bury him.' The appraisers came out of the church and asked what was the matter? W. Tindall told them 'he was come to bury the body of Christ.' The appraisers were angry, and bade him take care what he said, but he replied, 'Surely Jesus Christ is dead. Was it ever heard that goods were appraised before the owner is dead? Ye are appraising his goods, therefore I thought he was dead, and what more likely?'

During the reign of Henry the eighth, the castle seems to have been principally devoted to Scottish captives. There is a letter from that monarch to the governor, bearing date 'at our town of Newcastle upon Tyne, the 22d day of September, at eleven of the clock before noon, of the 38th yeare of our reign' (1545), directing him 'with all possible diligence to send the lord Maxwell to our town of Newcastle upon Tyne,' to be there 'on Friday or Saturday next at the farthest.'—And to the intent ye may the more surely accomplish our pleasure herein according to our expectation, we do send you herein enclosing a commission for taking post horses by the way, as the need shall require. Not failing hereof, as ye tender our pleasure, and will answer the contrary at our utmost jeopardy and peril.' The direction is still more urgently pressing.—'To our trusty and well beloved counsellor, Sir Henry Savil, knt. steward, &c.; and, in his absence, to his deputies there; in haste, post-haste—for life—for life—for life, delivered to the post the day and year aforesaid.' We are very much surprised that the author has not taken the pains to ascertain the object of these vehement injunctions.

At the breaking out of the civil war between Charles the

first and the two houses of parliament, some of the neighbouring gentlemen, who devoted themselves to the service of the king, occupied and garrisoned the castle of Pontefract in the year 1642. And in this part of the work, Mr. Boothroyd has been assisted by a document, which we perfectly agree with him in thinking the most valuable communication he has received. His history of the three sieges sustained by this castle, which was one of the first to declare in favour of Charles I, and was the very last that surrendered to the parliamentary forces, is extracted from a MS. journal written at the time by Captain Drake, who was one of the garrison, and whose descendant, the worthy Rev. F. Drake, lecturer, of Pontefract, liberally furnished the editor with that interesting paper. It cannot be read with indifference by the most perfect stranger; but in the breasts of those, who find the names of their ancestors in the list of the brave men, who so long and so nobly resisted a very superior force, it can hardly fail to kindle emotions approaching to enthusiasm. Perhaps the extreme minuteness with which the operations are described, is sometimes a little tedious, and some allowance is naturally to be made for the bias on the writer's mind. The royalists are throughout the heroes of the tale, desperately brave, romantically courteous, endowed at once with the skill and rapidity of marauding Arabs, and the exalted sentiments of the most favoured sons of chivalry. It must, indeed, be acknowledged to be probable, from the nature of their education, their habits, their rank in life, and the cause in which they were engaged, that the captains of the royal party should have been superior to their adversaries in those valuable qualities; but we were happy to find that the disgraceful anecdote relating to lady Saville (told in the note, p. 234), has been discovered to be incorrect, and we trust this will authorise us to question many other reflections which are thrown on the humanity of the rude and fanatical champions of the cause of liberty.

Colonel Lowther was governor of the castle, during all the sieges; his brother and his son were with him, and he commanded a garrison which appears at first hardly to have amounted to the number of two hundred, though it occasionally received no inconsiderable reinforcements. In the month of August, 1644, after the battle of Marston Moor, and the surrender of York, colonel Sands was sent to besiege Pontefract, which, after enduring great sufferings and making a most vigorous resistance, was relieved by Sir Marmaduke Langdale, on the 1st of March following. The

respite was but trifling, for the troops of the parliament re-appeared towards the end of the same month; but it afforded the governor an opportunity of strengthening his power by an accession of numbers, and providing against want, by a large stock of provisions. Near three months were wasted in fruitless attacks on the castle, before it occurred to the committees that so long a delay, under circumstances that appeared peculiarly favourable to speedy and complete success, might be attributable to the commandant of the besiegers, Col. Sands. He was replaced by Gen. Poyntz, who expected the sufferings of the garrison to lead to immediate surrender, and opened negotiations with Col. Lowther, in full confidence that that event was close at hand. We insert an account of a very short conference, which produced little effect, but affords a curious portrait of manners:

'No occurrence deserving notice took place till the 8th, when Gen. Poyntz went down to the Barbican gate and asked to speak with the governor. The governor's son who happened to be present, informed him 'that his father was not there, or he would not have refused to see him.' Gen. Poyntz then demanded the surrender of the castle, and promised, 'that if they complied within three days, they would obtain the most honourable terms; but if they delayed eleven or fourteen days, they might expect nothing but to walk with a white rod in their hands, as soldiers did in the Low Countries when they marched away on compositions.' Capt. Lowther then answered him, 'that the castle was kept for the king, and that if they staid fourteen days, and fourteen days after that, there were as many gentlemen in the castle as would make many a bloody head before they parted with it.' The general then began to use harsh language, and told him the soldiers behaved in the most rude and unbecoming manner, and applied to him the most reproachful terms. Capt. Lowther replied 'that neither he nor his father could govern the tongues of the soldiers, but they would speak what they pleased.' On this the general departed.'

Still the terms proposed were not entirely to the satisfaction of the brave men in the castle, who were exasperated besides at some parts in Col. Overton's conduct, the nominal governor of Pontefract, on behalf of the parliament. Their resistance continued to be equally firm and spirited, till the twentieth of July, when their adversaries were glad to remit the ungracious part of the conditions. 'The siege had lasted five months, from the time the castle was relieved, and the enemy could not have lost fewer in killed and wounded, before this fortress, than a thousand men.'

Pontefract remained in possession of the parliament near three years, when it was again wrested from them by the skill and treachery of Col. Morice, a renegade officer of their army, in which his licentiousness and profligate manners prevented his promotion to any office of trust. He seems to have been endowed with most extraordinary talents, and to have employed them under the disguise of the most consummate hypocrisy. The long series of manœuvres, by which he availed himself of the unsuspecting confidence of governor Cotterell, to introduce a royalist garrison into the castle, is creditable to his dexterity and dissimulation; but base ingratitude to his former benefactor, Cotterell, whom he threw into a dungeon, reflects little honour on his feelings or principles, and forms a strong presumption against the motive of his treason to the authority which employed him. In defending the fortress from June 1648, to the end of March 1649, he proved himself a brave man and an excellent officer, and was nobly seconded by the gentlemen of the county, who remained with him. It appears certain that nothing would have overcome their undaunted resistance, but the knowledge that the whole royal party was annihilated, and could not derive any benefit from their destruction. The terms of their capitulation were honourable upon the whole; but six persons were to be excepted from pardon, of whom Morice was one. Lambert, however, who then commanded the besieging army, had the generosity to allow time for the surrender, in which these persons might enjoy an opportunity of effecting their escape. Morice, and a cornet Blackburn, in the course of a desperate sally made by the garrison, penetrated the enemy's forces unobserved, and reached a place of safety. In another sally, Ensign Smith, another excepted man, lost his life. It was thought hopeless to preserve the other three; but a justifiable *ruse de guerre* was attempted and succeeded. 'The garrison pretended to rejoice, and sent the governor word that, as their six friends had all escaped, they would surrender the next day. At the hour appointed, they marched out.' The three excepted persons, who had concealed themselves among the ruins, with a month's provisions, finding Lambert negligent of the castle, threw down their inclosures on the very night after the surrender, and securely decamped.

We have been betrayed into such a length of observation and detail, by the interest that attaches to this portion of English history, that we must pass rapidly over the other



parts of Mr. Boothroyd's work, which abound with clear and useful information relating to the several objects of topographical enquiry. The state of the borough and the determination of the right of voting are also traced with great precision. It is on the whole a valuable and entertaining volume, quite equal to answer its professed purpose; but we wish the author had not thought of 'giving a grace and polish to his language,' which is very good where it makes no pretensions to ornament, but remarkably tasteless where it affects elegance. We also recommend the omission of the long scraps of blank verse, which are whimsically tacked to some of the early chapters, and disfigure them by a mock-heroic effect, which is truly ridiculous.

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ART. VI.—*A Sketch of the State of Ireland, past and present.* London. Carpenter. 1808.

THIS is evidently the production of an author, who is well acquainted with the subject on which he writes; whose views are comprehensive, whose reflections are often profound, and whose language, though sometimes quaint and affected, is generally forcible.—He begins with stating that a writer whose object is not personal interest but public good, should speak of times present as if they were past, and of sects and factions, which now exist, as if they were objects only of historical recollection.—But this mode of writing, which is difficult any where, must be peculiarly so in Ireland, from the violent animosities which have so long agitated that country and which still prevail.—In Ireland, says the author of this sketch,

'Impartiality seldom thinks and never writes; party the only distinction, passion the only incitement; where the faction in and the faction out, orangemen and defenders, coercers and revolutionists, the English administration and the Irish directory, have divided between them the press and the nation.'

We attach the more importance to the observations of the author, because they appear to be written without any party-spirit, and to have for their object the good of Ireland and of the united empire, rather than the gratification of any sinister views of avarice or ambition. We therefore feel it our duty, as briefly as we can, to lay before the reader the substance of the present composition; and this will be no

easy matter, when it is known, that the author himself affects the brevity of Tacitus; and that this very brevity often renders it almost impossible to state his meaning in fewer words than he has done it himself.

Though the English effected an establishment in Ireland as early as 1169, yet till the last century conquest was not accompanied with any thing like the boon of civil government.—The only system, which was pursued, if system it may be called, was one of bloodshed and oppression.—It was a system which rendered the settlers as barbarous as the original inhabitants. The Irish partook not of the benefits of the reformation. That important event, which more or less enlightened other parts of Europe left the Irish in the same darkness as before.—The Irish remained papists, because no attempt was made by a wise system of rational improvement and increased civilization to teach them a more enlightened creed. After the revolution, when the sovereignty of James was destroyed by the battle of the Boyne, the catholic superstition, which might have been extinguished even by neglect, was perpetuated by proscription. Indeed those measures seem to have been adopted with a sort of obstinate infatuation which were most likely to generate religious antipathies and political disaffection. When ‘the warfare of the nations ceased that of the parliaments began; the English to assume new or to assert ancient superiority, the Irish to deny the latter and to resist both.’—But England found means to establish by *influence* a supremacy more complete than she could either claim of right, or maintain by force. The word *influence* excites in the writer the glow of virtuous indignation.—He calls it,

‘A courteous name for profligacy on one side and prostitution on the other. Hence a degraded population, a hireling aristocracy, a corrupt government; hence the low intrigues, misery, and baseness of three generations.’

From the reign of William the third to that of George the third, Ireland experienced a long pause in the annals of her turbulence, which was not interrupted except by the petty squabbles of a low-minded avarice and ambition. One intellect, however, of superior magnitude was resplendent in this interval, rather of sullen submission than of vivifying peace. That luminary was Swift, to whose genius and worth the author pays this high and well-merited praise.

‘Ireland,’ says he, ‘worshipped it with Persian idolatry; her true patriot, her first, almost her last. Sagacious and intrepid, he

saw, he dared; above suspicion, he was trusted; above envy, he was beloved, above rivalry he was obeyed. His wisdom was practical and prophetic: remedial for the present, warning for the future: he first taught Ireland that she might become a nation, and England that she might cease to be a despot. His gown impeded his course and entangled his efforts: guiding a senate or heading an army, he had been more than Cromwell, and Ireland not less than England; as it was he saved her by his courage, improved her by his authority, adorned her by his talents and exalted her by his fame. His mission was of but ten years; and for ten years only did his personal power mitigate the government: but though no longer feared by the great, he was not forgotten by the wise; his influence like his writings has survived a century; and the foundations of whatever prosperity we have since erected, are laid in the disinterested and magnanimous patriotism of Swift.

In 1782 Ireland embraced the favourable opportunity, which the American war afforded, of extorting from the distress of England, a political boon which her generosity never would have bestowed.—But though Ireland had now become nominally independant of the English cabinet, yet the measure which seemed to secure the freedom of her senate, only diffused and subtilized the poison, of that *influence*, which paralysed all the moral and patriotic energies of the state. That part of this generous and high-minded people who remained uncontaminated by the infectious bane, could not brook the reality of dependance. Of these some were unfortunately led to cherish visionary schemes of impracticable liberty, the consequences were inevitable—Rebellion and Union.

In 1778, 1783, 1792, 1793, various important concessions were made to the catholics; but little remained to concede to render the boon full and unreserved; but this little which wisdom would instantly have bestowed, folly withheld, and what is still more surprising still withholds. For it was and it still is not considered by our superlatively conceited, but really ignorant politicians, who are neither read in the nature of man, nor in the page of history, that on these occasions the qualified, the half-generous, and half-selfish liberality which may be pardoned in an individual is inexcusable in a state. For where there is real and rational ground for political discontent, more dissatisfaction is produced by the restrictions which are left, than is diminished by those which are taken away.

In 1798, the several species and forms of political and of religious discontent, which for many years had prevailed in different places and under different pretexts and different

denominations, seem to have been all melted down into one great mass of hostility to the church and to the state.

'The conflagration was general; war on every side; in Ulster of politics; elsewhere of bigotry. The dissenter fought, the papist massacred, the loyalist cut down both.'

The union followed;—a measure which whatever may be its *latent* benefits, was certainly brought about by means as wicked and unjust as any political event which is recorded in history. We pass over what our author says of the administration of Ireland under Lord Hardwicke and the duke of Bedford, in which he delivers some opinions on men and measures, several of which we not only do not think true, but know to be false. We shall now attend to the remedies which the author suggests for the evils which he has detailed, and which we cannot but seriously deplore. He remarks that no institution can be permanent that is not fitted to the national temperament. Hence preparatory to the suggestion of any remedy, he first describes with striking fidelity, the characteristic qualities, disposition and manners of the Irish. We shall extract what he says on the condition of the peasantry, from which we learn that it has undergone no improvement since the time of Bishop Berkley, and we are sorry that his salutary instructions should have been circulated with so little benefit.

'Their dwellings are of primitive and easy construction, the walls and floors of clay, the roof of sod or thatch: within are two unequal divisions; in the smaller, filthy and unfurnished, you would hardly suppose the whole family to sleep; in the larger, on a hearth, without a grate or a chimney, a scanty fire warms rather by its smoke than its blaze, and discolours whatever it warms. Glazed windows there are none, the open door amply sufficing for light and air, to those who are careless of either. Furniture they neither have, nor want; their food and its preparation are simple, potatoes or oaten cakes, sour milk, and sometimes salted fish. In drink they are not so temperate: of all spirituous liquors they are immoderately fond, but most of whiskey, the distilled extract of fermented corn. In many districts, by an ingenious and simple process, they prepare this liquor themselves, but clandestinely, and to the great injury of national morals and revenue. Were they allowed, by private distillation, to indulge their taste for inebriety, their own vice would more effectually subdue them than centuries of war.

'Their dress is mean and squalid, particularly of the females, whom you would not always distinguish from men by their attire. Of personal cleanliness they have no care. Both sexes wear, in winter

and summer, long woollen coats or cloaks, derived from, and similar to the sagum of their ancestors. The children are generally half, and sometimes altogether naked; living, without distinction of sexes, in dirt and mire, almost with the cattle. Yet from this nakedness and filth they grow up to that strength and stature for which they are admirable.

'The peasantry of Ireland are generally of the Roman Catholic religion, but utterly and disgracefully ignorant; few among them can read, fewer write. The Irish language, a barbarous jargon, is generally, and in some districts exclusively, spoken, and with it are retained customs and superstitions as barbarous. Popish legends and pagan tradition are confounded, and revered: for certain holy wells, and sacred places, they have extraordinary respect; thither crowd the sick for cure, and the sinful for expiation; and their priests, deluded or deluding, enjoin those pilgrimages as penance, or applaud them, when voluntary, as piety. The religion of such a people is not to be confounded with one of the same name professed by the enlightened nations of Europe. The university of Paris has some tenets in common, perhaps, with the Irish Papist, but does it believe that water restores the cripple, enlightens the blind, or purifies the guilty?

'In agricultural pursuits they are neither active nor expert: hereditary indolence would incline them to employ their lands in pasturage, and it is often more easy to induce them to take arms for their country, or against it, than to cultivate the earth, and wait upon the seasons. Even at this day, the sons of the old inheritors are suspected of being more ready to regain their possessions by their blood, than by their labour. Their very amusements are polemical: fighting is a pastime, which they seldom assemble without enjoying; not, indeed, with iron weapons, but with clubs, which they always carry, and frequently and skilfully use. When not driven by necessity to labour, they willingly consume whole days in sloth or as willingly employ them in riot; strange diversity of nature, to love indolence and hate quiet; to be reduced to slavery, but not yet to obedience!

The author is friendly to catholic emancipation; but he does not extol that measure as a *panacea* for all the political and moral ills under which Ireland groans.

'It will be,' says he, 'a part, perhaps great, probably, small of any enlightened system of Irish policy; but it is not itself a system.'

The author asks,

'But the Irish protestant has he no grievance?—labours he under no disability? Has he no cause or taint of disaffection? Your protestant tenants, few in numbers; your protestant artizans and manufacturers a great and pining population—ask them for a description of their



exclusive paradise. In all that regards happiness and power you will find them to be catholics reading the liturgy, as the catholics are protestants singing the mass. Emancipate *them*, emancipate all; vivify your country—not in details, but in generals; not in (the) extremities, but at the heart.'

This language breathes the spirit of unvitiated patriotism.

One of the greatest evils, under which Ireland labours, is the general ignorance of the people. This evil is indeed the source of evils even greater than itself. This is the chief parent of turbulence, of outrage, and of crimes.—Improvidence, intemperance, the misrule of the passions, a state of filth and nastiness worse than swinish, though not always prevented by knowledge, are yet the seldom-failing concomitants of ignorance.

'In all our perils,' says the author, 'the real danger is in those who cannot read, the true security in those who can. Superior knowledge is one branch of the protestant ascendancy from which the catholics must emancipate themselves.'

These are the remarks of a reflective and enlightened mind.—We are friends to catholic emancipation, not on the narrow principle of any party views but on the broad basis of benevolence and toleration. But in proportion as we are advocates for such concessions to the catholics as would place them on a level of political privilege with the protestants, yet we are by no means friendly to the intellectual grossness and domestic filth whether of catholic or protestant.—And in order as much as possible to promote, what is so much wanting,—the rational illumination of the catholics, and to interest the higher ranks in their intellectual proficiency, we should with pleasure see adopted a regulation which the author proposes, of admitting only those whether catholic or protestant, to vote at elections who can write and read their own affidavits of registry.—This would perhaps tend to lessen the mass of Irish ignorance as rapidly and efficaciously as any other project which the state could adopt. It would besides stimulate the Irish gentry to promote the diffusion of knowledge among their half-barbarous countrymen, who are in some counties said to be driven like cattle to the hustings in order to exercise a privilege which is one of the highest that a freeman can enjoy.

'Is it not monstrous in theory as well as in practice, that the grossest ignorance should influence the choice of a legislator as much as the most cultivated understanding?'

In dispelling the intellectual darkness and the moral depravity of the Irish much might be done by the constant residence, the enlightened preaching, and the holy example of the clergy.

'Ireland is divided into 2,500 parishes, melted down into 1,200 benefices, on which there are but 1,000 churches: the 1,200 beneficed clergy of these 2,500 parishes, where are they? One third of them are not resident—absentees from their duties—mortmainers upon the land! The catholic priest, the dissenting minister, the methodist preacher, are they supine or absent? Are they without proselytes or converts, without interest or influence with the people? A friend to religion, I am an enemy to salaried idleness. To 2,500 parishes I would have 2,500 parsons; no curates at fifty, nor absentees at two thousand pounds a year; no starving zeal, no lazy affluence. The establishment which laymen are invoked to defend, churchmen should support by their presence, dignify by their piety, and extend by their example.'

The internal state of Ireland cannot perhaps be more briefly nor more characteristically described than in the following:

'Landlords without friends or influence; a peasantry without interest, almost without livelihood in the country—nothing to defend—nothing to love—despairing and desperate, ripe and ready for change.'

The author thinks that tythes might be replaced by a more satisfactory imposition. As the tythes are ultimately paid by the landlord, who receives proportionally a smaller sum in rent, he proposes a '*poundage upon all rents*; not of a tenth, perhaps not a twentieth, probably of a thirtieth or fortieth. This suggestion seems preferable to any other mode of commutation which we have yet heard. We agree with this writer that tythes are the property of the state, and that a state may pay its ecclesiastical as well as its civil officers in any way which it deems best.

'In 1787, an intelligent prelate computed the average of each clergyman's annual income at 13*l.* 6*s.* I will suppose it now to be 20*l.* the benefices fewer than 1,200; the ecclesiastical establishment less therefore than 300,000*l.* But 6*d.* in the pound, one-fortieth, on the rent-roll of Ireland, would produce 500,000*l.* A sum adequate to the payment of all the clergy, protestant, catholic, and dissenting.,

One of the evils or rather plagues with which Ireland is

infested, and which requires as speedy removal as any other, is the dearness and the difficulty of obtaining legal redress. The law, which ought to be a refuge to the poor, is made a luxury to the rich. The peasant, who is defrauded of 10l. cannot purchase even a chance of redress under 60l. Ought such a deviation from the true end of all civil government to be continued? Ought it even for one moment to be tolerated? Is it not a monstrous display of tyranny and injustice? The author not only sees no danger in catholic emancipation, but thinks it highly expedient under conditions which would render the priesthood *independent of all foreign controul*; and make some provision for, or furnish some powerful incentives, to the advancement of the people in knowledge and civilization. It is not often that we meet with so much good sense, deep reflection, useful information, and pertinent remark, condensed into so small a compass as in the present publication. The author has our best acknowledgments for the pleasure with which we have perused his able and dispassionate performance.

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ART. VII.—*An Introduction to the Study of Moral Evidence; or of that Species of Reasoning which relates to Matters of Fact and Practice, with an Appendix on debating for Victory and not for Truth. By James Edward Gambier, M. A. Rector of Langley, Kent. and Chaplain to the Right Honorable Lord Barham. Rivington, 1806.*

THE preface of this little work introduces its design by observing that what has hitherto been written on the subject of moral evidence lies dispersed in different authors, and combined with other matter, and that no comprehensive system has hitherto been laid down to ascertain its nature and regulate its use. The writer, however, admits by implication one advantage of those works, where reflections on this subject are combined with rules for the more speculative employment of the intellect, when he says, 'it would be useful to acquire a knowledge of the principles of moral evidence, as well as of those of demonstration, and perhaps to pursue the study of these different kinds of evidence at the same time.'

It appears therefore to be his opinion that the character and importance of moral evidence will be most clearly perceived by exhibiting it as a separate system, and that such a

delineation of its principles, will have a beneficial effect upon our future contemplation of it in connection with the principles of demonstration. A general prejudice against any thing in the shape of rules for the estimation of probabilities, renders this the more desirable as those prejudices are rather strengthened than cured by viewing demonstrative and moral evidence at the same time. Indeed it appears from a familiar example given in another part of the preface that a difference much slighter than that which subsists between these two species of reasoning, is sufficient to excite an unfounded and very mischievous inference.

Some men declare war against rules of all kinds, and would entrust the conduct of every intellectual pursuit to the undisciplined exertion of natural faculties. They appear to think that the mental powers of individuals are confined within the same bounds that circumscribe their physical strength. As this attacks demonstration in a certain degree, it affects moral evidence more strongly; if the understanding may be left to its native energies in questions that must be pursued through a chain of reasoning, much less is the assistance of rules necessary, where it is only required to proceed a single step. But of such objections it may be said that they cannot possibly lie against the object of this work; they are founded exclusively upon the supposed impossibility of attaining it. They are usually of this nature; that the end proposed by the framers of the rules is unattainable, and that the endeavour to accomplish it, starves the supplies, and enfeebles the operations of the mind. The same difficulties have been urged against the rules of taste and criticism. 'I can judge of a resemblance to nature, or indulge the feelings of delight without the instruction of rules.' Of the last assertion it may be said that the intention of rules is not to convey perceptions but to regulate them: to confer on the man of taste the power of supplying himself with permanent gratification by leading him to those productions which possess not merely the charm of surprize, but which have captivated and rewarded the admiration of successive ages. The other remark is entirely fallacious: where an object is at all complex, the order and connection of the parts, their relation and proportions, are so necessary to be considered in order to decide on an imitation of nature, that an unpractised, and untaught observer is continually deceived. If the objector reply that he has gained his knowledge from observation, this is a testimony to the importance of rules. So far as his knowledge is elementary he has employed in

finding out what was already known, the time which he might have devoted to extending and improving the observations of others. The end proposed in generalizing our ideas is comparison, not copiousness; it is not designed to increase the number of individual notions, but to discover their relation to each other. Yet the ideas of relation cannot be long exerted without extending our range of objects. Hence a treatise of this kind has some advantages for every person. All may be enabled by it to improve the use of their present stock of ideas, and at the same time to facilitate its increase.

This performance is executed in a very creditable manner, without any parade of learning or spirit of book-making. The analysis of such a work would be a mere copy of its contents. The heads of the chapters are these: I. On the Nature of Moral Evidence and wherein it differs from Demonstration. II. On the different Kinds of Moral Evidence with Observations on the weight of each. III. General Directions relating to Moral Reasoning. IV. Special Directions relating to each Kind of Moral Evidence. V. Of the Kind of Evidence which different Subjects admit.

However dry the subject, the author admits in the preface that it might have been enlivened by quotations, and rendered interesting by anecdotes; but he pleads his want of time and power to accomplish this. We think that in this respect he has hardly done justice to himself; and his diffidence has at least deprived the work of a considerable attraction which it might otherwise have possessed.

ART. V II.—*Poems, by Matilda Betham.* Hatchard.

THIS little volume of poems, is introduced to the reader by a short advertisement, in which the author informs her readers, 'that before the book was printed, she thoughtlessly concluded there must be a preface; but that on consideration she sees no particular purpose it would answer, and gladly declines a task she should have undertaken with much temerity and reluctance.'

Whether the lady acts, in this case, from some consciousness of genius, from contempt of the ordinary arts of authorship, or from female delicacy, it is not necessary to inquire; nor does she obtrude herself ungraciously, though without a preface, on the public, being taken by the hand by Lady



Rouse Boughton, to whom this little volume is inscribed as a testimony of respect and gratitude for long continued friendship.

But, as we read these pages without considering whether they had or had not a preface, so can we speak of them without even the want of those documents, which it is the design of prefaces to give. They consist then of small poetical pictures, taken from nature and life, addresses to friends, moral reflections, and songs, with two or three elegies: and we do not require a preface to let us into the character of the writer: the work speaks for itself; and shews the clearest marks of being written by a person of elegant genius, and of a warm and generous heart.

The first poem, entitled the Old Fisherman, affords a picture of distress, in the person of a poor labouring man, deprived of every earthly comfort, yet bowing with resignation to Providence, that could not fail to interest every reader; but it is too long to copy.

The third piece is a very elegant tribute of esteem to a lady, whose amiable character endears her to all who have visited her in her retreat in Llangollen vale. We shall present this to our readers.

*To a Llangollen Rose, the Day after it had been given by Miss Ponsonby.*

'Soft blushing flower! My bosom grieves  
To view thy sadly drooping leaves:  
For, while thy tender tints decay,  
The rose of fancy fades away!  
As pilgrims, who with zealous care  
Some little treasur'd relic bear,  
To reassure the grateful mind,  
When pausing mem'ry looks behind,  
I from a more enlighten'd shrine,  
Had made this sweet memento mine:  
But, lo! its fainting head reclines;  
It folds the pallid leaf, and pines,  
As mourning the unhappy doom,  
Which tears it from so sweet a home.'

There are several other exquisite little poems, written in the same temper, and addressed to different persons, particularly to the Right Honourable Lady St. John, and to Mrs. T. Francourt; in which so much heart is discovered, that we overlook the compliment.

As a small specimen of our author's social affections, and moralizing vein, we copy the following

*Reflections occasioned by the Death of Friends.*

' My happiness was once a goodly tree,  
Which promis'd ev'ry day to grow more fair,  
And rear'd its lofty branches in the air,  
In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to see !  
Amidst fair honey-suckles crept along,  
Twin'd round the bark, and hung from every bough,  
While birds, which Fancy held by slender strings  
Plum'd the dark azure of their shining wings,  
Or dipp'd them in the silver stream below  
With many a joyful note and many a song.

' When, lo ! a tempest hurtles in the sky !  
Dark low'r the clouds ! The thunders burst around !  
Fiercely the arrowy flakes of lightning fly !  
While the scar'd songsters leave the quiv'ring bough,  
The blasted honey-suckles droop below,  
And many noble branches strew the ground !  
Tho' soon the air is calm, the sky serene,  
Tho' wide the broad and leafy arms are spread,  
Yet still the scars of recent wounds are seen ;  
Their shelter henceforth seems but insecure ;  
The winged tribes disdain the frequent lure,  
Where many a songster lies benumb'd or dead ;  
And when I would the flow'ry tendrils train,  
I find my late delightful labour vain.

' Affection thus, once light of heart and gay,  
Chasten'd by mem'ry and unnerv'd by fear,  
Shall sadden each endearment with a tear,  
Sorrowing the offices of love shall pay,  
And scarcely dare to think that good her own  
Which fate's imperious hand may snatch away,  
In the warm sunshine of meridian day,  
And when her hopes are full, and fairest blown.'

We, however, just submit here to our author's consideration, whether *in sooth* in the first verse, would not better read in *truth*, as we do not find that she, on other occasions, uses antiquated words. We do not, however, mean to say that sooth is not of a right good family, (Saxon), from which the greater part of our language is derived, and that it is not often used by Shakspeare : but we think it not of a piece with the style and practice of these poems.

There is one poem in this volume, which has not only a fine vein of poetry throughout, but some parts that are sublime. This, the lady tells us, with the exception of a few lines, has already appeared in the *Athenæum*, a very respectable periodical work, edited by Dr. Aikin. We shall therefore select another of a lighter kind, but of a very elegant structure.

*Song, set to Music by Mr. Voight.*

‘What do I love? A polish’d mind,  
A temper cheerful, meek, and kind,  
A graceful air, unsway’d by art,  
A voice that sinks into the heart—  
A playful and benignant smile  
Oh! yes! my heart responds the while  
All this, my Emily, is true,  
But I love more in loving you!

‘I love those roses when they rise  
From joy, from anger, or surprise;  
I love the kind, attentive zeal,  
So prompt to know what others feel,  
The mildness, which can ne’er reprove,  
But in the sweetest tones of love—  
All this, my Emily, is true,  
But I love more in loving you.

‘The self-command which can sustain  
In silence, weariness and pain;  
The transport at a friend’s success,  
Which has not power or words to bless,  
But by a sudden, starting tear,  
Appears more precious, more sincere—  
All this, my Emily, is true,  
And this I love in loving you.’

We think that all the songs are good, that they are full of just sentiment, and have a true poetic zest. We cannot help copying one more :

*Song.*

‘Thrice lovely babe! thus hush’d to rest  
Upon thy warrior father’s breast!  
Aveils it, that his eyes behold  
Thy rosy cheeks, thy locks of gold!

Avails it that he bonds his ear  
 So fondly thy soft breath to hear!  
 Or that his rising smiles confess  
 A gracious gleam of tenderness,  
 The sweetest spell will scarce have power  
 To hold him for one absent hour.

'Some plant that ceases thus to share  
 A daily friend's auspicious care  
 Relaxes in its feeble grasp,  
 The flow'ry tendrils soon unclasp  
 Loose in the idle æther play,  
 And every idle breeze obey!  
 Thus vainly had I sought to bind  
 Thus watch'd that light inconstant mind,  
 Till smiles and sunshine can restore  
 My often blighted hopes no more.'

Our author having passed through various forms of rhymed poetry, now sinks with considerable ease into blank verse: but we do not propose to criticize any particular metre. The *Old Shepherd's Recollections*, as the blank verse poem is entitled, are founded on an event, which happened in Ireland, and is well known, but is here wrought into a most affecting narrative, in which appears a very fine talent for descriptive poetry. We have not room for farther extracts, but our readers will be pleased with the perusal of the piece.

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ART. IX.—*Remarks on the Proposals made to Great Britain for opening Negotiations for Peace in the Year 1807.* By William Roscoe, Esq. Second Edition. 3s. 6d. Cadell and Davies. 1808.

PUBLIC opinion shews the CONSCIENCE OF A NATION. This conscience is the result of that sense of morality in those individual minds which, taken together, constitute the thinking aggregate of the community. Thus, what may be called the moral sense of nations is reflected from the sense of duty which is present in the breasts of individuals, and in proportion as the latter is more or less pure the former is more or less unclouded and serene. Every individual has a sense of duty more or less correct, by which he is conscious that he ought to regulate his conduct; every nation in a corporate capacity has a similar sense, which, when it is violated in the conduct of the rulers, the public opinion seldom fails to express the national reprobation and regret.

But the conscience of a nation may be rendered torpid by means similar to those which produce a moral hebetude in the conscience of individuals. The duty of an individual is to nurture and invigorate this moral sense as a constant encouragement to what is good, and dissuasive from what is evil; and it certainly is the duty of those who are identified as it were with the corporate personality of a nation, to cherish the same moral sense from the highest political considerations.

As the conduct of individuals should be such as does not invade the rights or impair the happiness of other individuals, the conduct of nations should be governed by the same principles towards other states. The same moral rules, of which the sacredness is acknowledged by individuals in private life, constitute maxims of conduct which are obligatory on the conscience of states. For as nations are only aggregated individuals the same moral laws which individuals cannot violate without shame, states cannot transgress without disgrace. Where a state renounces those moral ties, which are the only secure bonds of amity between states, it hurls defiance against the moral government of God. And though that government may leave individuals to a state of future retribution, yet it exposes nations to present punishment. The more a state weakens or perverts the moral sense of its subjects, or the more it acts in opposition to it, the more it lessens its own security. For morals are the great cement of national union, and the great support of that spirit of disinterestedness and patriotism which is the strongest pledge of national security and independence. The feeling of patriotism may seem compatible either with a virtuous or with a vicious government, but the patriotism of vice is only a mockery of the thing, and though there may be an attachment to the soil where there is no respect for the government, yet the popular esteem of the government strengthens even the affection for the soil. But though vice may excite fear or provoke contempt, yet it is nothing but virtue which can impress respect or conciliate esteem. Where a government is only an incorporated mass of folly, of treachery, of cruelty, and injustice, can it be either respected or esteemed by the sincere, the upright, and the wise? Can patriotism, which is the collective trunk, the concentrated growth of all the virtues, flourish beneath its deadly shade?

All crimes produce abhorrence; but the crimes of a government merit triple and quadruple abomination. For the misery which is produced by the crimes of individuals, is



only as a grain of sand compared with that on the shore, or a drop of water with the ocean, when contrasted with the wide-spread misery, the scenes of ravage and of blood, which are the effects of a cruel, rapacious, and profligate government. But a good man, though he will abominate the government, will nevertheless cherish the welfare and promote the interests of his country. But as the measures of wicked governments always are and must be injurious to the country, every honest man, every disinterested patriot, must set himself in array against the measures of the government. It behoves him as a point of duty which he owes to God, to his country, and his conscience, to make the most vigorous resistance to those principles and those practices, which are opposite to the rules of moral obligation. But when a good man performs one of the most sacred duties in endeavouring to diminish the influence and counteract the schemes of a vicious government, that government will set every profligate hireling at work to represent him as an enemy to his country. 'The hue and cry' of the worthless will be raised against him; and calumny, which is always powerful, will be found almost irresistibly oppressive when instigated by the art and seconded by the force of an inhuman, corrupt, and immoral government.

These circumstances constitute the trials of patriotism, and furnish the best criterion of its purity or alloy. Such were the circumstances in which the patriotism of the Jewish prophets shone resplendently bright. These firm, intrepid, and inflexible men rebuked with equal severity the crimes of the peasant and the king. The sword of the law, of the tyrannical sovereign, and the idolatrous priest, was often drawn against them; but no threats of punishment, no infliction of pain, and no dread of death, could prevent them from speaking the words of truth even in the ears of kings. The present times, in which the wrath of the Almighty is visibly kindled against the tyranny, the iniquity, the idolatry, the political and the spiritual craft of the old governments of Europe are such as call on all the good and all the wise, like the stern and inflexible moralists among the Jews, to oppose those counsels of tyranny and wickedness which have brought us to the brink of perdition and have caused almost every vestige of political integrity to disappear. And the worse the times seem the more it behoves the still uncorrupted few to speak out and to prevent, if possible, that total extermination which threatens the civil and religious liberties of the country.

This is a period of the world, in which we should have thought that an increased civilization, the diffused delicacies

of moral sentiment, an enlarged acquaintance with the precepts of pure religion, and the general thirst for intellectual improvement would have rendered it safe to utter any truth, whether in policy, in religion, or in morals, which can add to the stock of knowledge, or in any way meliorate the social condition of man. But the force of tyranny and superstition which remains is strong enough to crush the generous efforts of rational freedom and of christian charity to multiply the civil enjoyments of moral and intellectual man. The power of political and of religious persecution is broken, but as we have seen in numerous instances the *volition* still remains. The fires of Smithfield are extinguished, but the *disposition* which kindled them is still alive. There is still intolerance enough left to tie the victim to the stake and to wreak its vengeance on opinions by burning the advocate in the flame. Public opinion, or the *conscience of the nation* at large is against the measure; but intolerance has no conscience, or one which can even lend its sanction to any act of fraud, of injustice, and of cruelty. Late events have made us acquainted with men, who profess obedience to the code of the benign Jesus, who affect to venerate his meekness, his humility, his forbearance, and long suffering, and who still seem to meditate both day and night the destruction of the **WORSHIPERS OF TRUTH.**

In all ages, as Mr. R. has remarked, popular violence, instigated by political artifice, has been chiefly directed against the friends of freedom, of virtue, and of truth. The Jewish, the Athenian and the Roman histories will confirm the observation by numerous examples; and the catalogue may be swelled to almost any extent by the transactions of modern times. The Jewish hierarchy put even Christ to death; and if that divine teacher of goodness were again to appear on earth we question whether there be not too much selfishness and too little charity in all the existing hierarchies to suffer him to live.

The present times are not only pregnant with examples of persecuted worth, but they are times in which we have heard even ministers of state make an open avowal of their abandonment of those principles of duty which however much they may have been practically slighted, have never till lately been openly renounced.—It is said that the good old rules of moral action, which are as binding on states as on individuals, are not suited to the present times, that they are constantly violated by Bonaparte, and that therefore they ought not to be observed by us.—But as states are to each other only as individuals, the enormities of one state can no

more excuse those of another than the iniquities of one individual can extenuate the transgressions of another. We are not to become sharpeners because we happen to get into a company of pickpockets.—The more general the depravity around us the more distinguished the virtue of the individual, who resists the example and preserves his integrity unblemished. The farther the French government plunges into the abyss of moral depravity the more vigorously should the government of Great Britain assert the cause of justice, of humanity and truth. It is not in the infraction but in the rigid observance of moral rules that our security consists.—For whence has France been able to overturn so many governments, to desolate so many countries? Was it because her moral system was more vitiated than their's?—Because she was more false, more treacherous, more cruel and unjust? No; but because their iniquity exceeded her's; because their depravity, their perfidy, and tyranny were even more aggravated than her own.—Had *they* been more upright, more free, and more wise, they would not have fallen so easy a prey to a foe covered with so many crimes, but still altogether less criminal than the powers she has subdued. These striking examples ought to teach us that any departure from the great principles of justice, of freedom, and of humanity, must weaken not only our moral but our physical power of resistance to the force of France and accelerate our fall.—If we endeavour to outstrip France in the career of crimes we shall find that we *shall be losers, even if we win the race.*—

Mr. Roscoe very truly remarks that

‘It is only by strictly conforming to the eternal principles of right and justice, that we can consult either our own honour or our own interest; and to desert these principles when a particular occasion puts them to the test, is to exclude ourselves, by our own act from the pale of civilized society, and to render ourselves, as it were outlaws to the rest of the world.’—‘In claiming from the people a general assent to their measures, and a perfect unanimity of support they must take care that such measures are consistent with the acknowledged laws of universal justice, and are not subversive of those first principles of morals which are antecedent to every other law of society. As man to man, there are certain duties incumbent on us, the violation of which no pretext of political necessity, or national hostility, can justify. To inculcate upon the people ideas of a contrary tendency, and to weaken their faith in the existence of political virtue, is not less impolitic than it is erroneous. That governments, as well as individuals, are actuated only by selfish motives, and that the professions which they are continually making of veracity, fidelity, honor, and frankness, are merely a cloak for

their criminal views, are sentiments which it is thought a mark of penetration to have discovered and a proof of sincerity to avow. But whatever may be thought of the sagacity of such politicians, to act upon the conviction of such sentiments is dangerous. God has not abandoned his creation; nor are the common feelings of human nature wholly extinguished amongst mankind. If there be depravity, there is yet integrity: if there be oppression, there is yet sympathy: if there be baseness, there is yet honor: if there be treachery, violence and rapine, there are still the inextinguishable feelings of virtuous indignation and generous contempt; and they who direct their conduct either in public or private life with a total disregard to these truths, will, whatever may be their temporary success, incur, upon the whole, not only disappointment but disgrace.

The violation of moral rules cannot be justified by pretexts of self-defence, unless the case be clearly made out and established by proofs which are so evident as to preclude deliberation. Indeed in such circumstances no moral rule is violated, for there can be no dereliction of right in preventing a meditated wrong. But in all such cases, it is not sufficient to act on remote probabilities of aggression or even strong suspicions of injury. Suspicion, which is the fiend that tenants the bosom of tyranny, is always ready to instigate and to justify the cruelties of tyrants. If individuals in private life are to be permitted to act on the mere suspicion of injury; if they are to construe the *possibility* for the will, or the probability for the performance, what rapine and murder must ensue? But if states are to make only faint surmises, or even probable injury the ground for secret attack and perfidious hostility, for the acts of outrage and conflagration, the security of nations must be at an end. The sword can never be permitted to rest in the scabbard; and the people that take up arms, can never lay them down.

There is a general rule of right from which states can never deviate without ultimately producing a train of evils, greater than any temporary advantage which may accrue from the deviation can ever compensate. For all human governments are only subjects, with respect to the moral government of God; and according to a certain but slowly unfolding train of causes and consequences by which that government acts, temporary evil is always sooner or later connected with the infraction of its rules. But to found any theory of policy on the habitual breach of those rules, or to make political wisdom consist not in the observance of the immutable obligations of justice and humanity, but in the practice of temporary expedients, must be not only fallacious in the theory but perilous in the attempt, and destructive in the

consequences. Mr. Roscoe has said that 'the operation of moral causes on the character and situation of mankind is even yet but imperfectly known,' but we think that he has hardly elucidated his meaning with sufficient perspicuity. The subject itself is one of great importance, and in order to be properly elucidated would require a long train of reflections on the moral government of the Deity, in the discussion of which we had much rather have seen the faculties of the author employed than on the ephemeral topics of political contention. We have thrown out a few thoughts on the subject, but our limits would not permit us to follow its most important details. We are forcibly impressed with a conviction of the moral government of God; and it is this conviction which inclines us always to view political transactions not in their ephemeral effects but in their moral aspect; and never to assent to the wisdom of any proceedings, however specious they may seem, which are contrary to those moral rules, which have both the approbation of reason and the sanctions of revelation. The governments of England and of France, and particularly the latter, are at this moment waging a war against every moral tie. The good old rules of truth and justice are completely set aside in order to make way for the law of POLITICAL CONVENIENCE. The ministers of this country have informed us that they are determined to fight Bonaparte *with his own weapons*. We hardly need say that those weapons are fabricated on the anvil of Treachery, of Cruelty, and Injustice. But are these the weapons with which our *Christian* ministers can ever promote the interest of Britain or diminish the power of France? Was the seizure of the Danish marine and the conflagration of the capital of Denmark designed as a specimen of the new mode of warfare which they are henceforth to prosecute? But will this system prosper in the end? We answer decidedly; No. If there be a moral governor of the world, it will be, it must be, ruinous at last. With respect to Bonaparte himself we will say of him, as the Athenian orator did of Philip of Macedon, *εγω μὲν γὰρ ὡς ἄνδρες ἀθηναῖοι σφόδρα ἀν' ἡγομένην καὶ αὐτὸς φοβερὸν εἶναι τὸν φιλίππον καὶ δαυμαζον εἰ τὰ δίκαια πράττοντα εὐρων αὐτὸν νικημένον.*—If the power of Bonaparte were founded on the practice of truth rather than deceit, and of injustice rather than oppression, he would not only excite our fears but command our admiration. But while his greatness has been obtained by the most consummate fraud, cruelty, and iniquity, of which history will furnish an example, we are conscious that his reign will not be durable, and that the world will soon ask with emotions of awful astonishment *Where is he!!!*



The introduction to Mr. Roscoe's pamphlet has unexpectedly engaged so much of our attention that our limits will not permit us to give more than a brief *épitome* of the remainder of the work.—In the year 1807 three attempts were made by the French government to negotiate a peace with the present ministry. In the April of 1807 the first offers were made by the Austrian ambassador; but according to the statement of Mr. Roscoe, they seem to have been rather evaded than accepted by the British government. The mediation for the same purpose which was offered by the emperor of Russia after the peace of Tilsit, experienced no better fate. The offer was rather eluded than rejected; but it is clear that our ministers have discovered no symptoms of a *pacific disposition*; so far indeed was this from being the case, that, untaught by the experience of fifteen years of folly and disaster, the British cabinet seemed very ambitious of forming a new confederacy against France. The letters of Mr. Canning to Lord Gower evidently lead to this conclusion. The spirit of Pitt, attended by the ghastly spectre of never-ceasing war, had found a way into the present councils of this country, and could the Emperor of Russia have been induced to hazard the possession of his crown on the die of another coalition, there can be little doubt that the completion would not have been retarded by any deficiency in the supply of English gold. But the alliance between Russia and France however feeble or unstable it might have appeared at its commencement was consolidated, perhaps perpetuated, by the nefarious attack on the marine and the capital of Denmark. In the month of November last, new offers of pacific mediation were made by the Austrian ambassador. The British ministry at first expressed a willingness to negotiate; but when no room for subterfuge or procrastination was left by the declaration of the ambassador that *he was authorised by France to give passports to any ministers whom the cabinet of London might think it right to dispatch to Paris for the purpose of concluding a peace*, objections, which had not been mentioned before, were raised against the *authority* of the ambassador; and in short *recourse was had to these cavils, which are never wanting to hypocrisy when it wants to defeat the end, which it affects a sanctimonious desire to accomplish.*

Our ministers have successively omitted or despised the most favourable seasons for making peace till fortune seems to have exhausted her stock of opportunities. Within the last fifteen years numerous opportunities have occurred in which we might have made peace with France with as much prospect of advantage, as much shew of honour, and as much

chance of permanence, as in any period of her old government. But all those intervals in which the circumstances were most auspicious for pacification have been suffered to glide away. Our folly or our wickedness seems to have exposed us to the necessity of perpetual war.—When we consider that of the torrents of blood which have been shed in Europe during the last fifteen years, the guilt may be imputed not more to the ambition of France than the evil councils of this country, we tremble for the consequences. As sober and thoughtful observers of the ways of Providence we are convinced that the day of moral retribution must ere long arrive, and that we have contracted a debt of awful responsibility which we can hardly discharge by repentance and reformation. We have been more pleased with the present than with the former pamphlet of Mr. Roscoe: but we do not think that the elegant historian of Lorenzo de Medici appears to equal advantage in the character of a pamphleteer.—This article was written before the recent occurrences in Spain. Our conjecture respecting Bonaparte will, we trust, be realised!!!

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ART. X.—*An Enquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources.* By the Rev. Thomas Chalmers. 8vo. 8s. Longman. 1808.

IF the title had not informed us that the author is a clergyman, and therefore, as we suppose, bred up in a state of civilization, we should have conjectured that he had been fed from his cradle on raw flesh, and conceived an early predilection for a state of barbarism. For the object of the book is from the beginning to the end to persuade us to give up almost every other trade but that of the sword; and to employ the whole 'disposable population' of the country in perpetuating the havoc of war.

The Reverend Mr. Chalmers who displays such great military propensities, calls the trade by which the country has been enriched, to which we are indebted for so many of the comforts of life, and for that high pitch of civilization at which we have arrived, '*the whistling of a name,*' '*a bugbear framed by mercantile policy,*' p. 137, with other contemptuous appellations, which far exceed any of the anti-commercial invectives of Messrs. Cobbett and Spence. This Reverend Gentleman divides the population of the country into three parts. Under the first he classes all the persons employed in producing food; under the second those who are concerned in the coarser species of manufacture, or

handicraft trades, which either the climate, or physical necessity requires, and with which we cannot dispense without the loss of life; to the third division he ascribes that mass of persons who are engaged in administering to what the author calls our artificial wants, or those of which the gratification is not necessary to existence. Thus, according to the idea of Mr. Chalmers, if we have a sufficiency of food to prevent hunger, with a roof to shelter us from the cold, and common cloathing adapted to the climate, without any of the comforts, the elegances, the decorations, or the luxuries which are the usual concomitants of a flourishing trade, and an increasing civilization, we have all that *his patriotism* thinks it right that we should possess. The whole collective population of the country who are employed in the finer manufactures and the elegant arts are to be diverted from their peaceful and innocent occupations, and to be trained up to the horrid butchery of war. This is the main drift of his book, but though the system itself is so atrociously wicked, we think that Mr. Chalmers, like his predecessor Mandeville, has supported it with a degree of ingenuity which would have reflected the highest honour on his abilities if they had been exerted in a better cause.

We do not know whether the *Reverend* Mr. Chalmers is a menial of the present administration, but if not, we advise them immediately to take him into their pay: for we never met with a writer who seemed more willing to go greater lengths in promoting their oppressive and arbitrary views. The Reverend Gentleman, whose propensity for impost and war seems as strong as the appetite for meat or drink in other people, thinks that we are at present far from having arrived at the maximum of taxation; and that indeed the people pay in taxes only a mite of what they have yet to give. He is not an advocate for taxes on consumption, because he thinks that individuals may elude their operation by desisting from the use of the commodity which is the object of the impost.

‘The revenue,’ says the author, ‘derived from a tax upon luxuries must come to its limit, long before all the disposable wealth of the country is engrossed for the service of government. Increase the taxes, and you encrease the number and the encouragement of smugglers. Increase the precautions, and you add to the expence of collecting, and of course diminish the net revenue of the country. You must also, if you wish to preserve both the form and the spirit of liberty, allow your subjects a thousand possibilities of evasion. What! would you have our houses open at all times to the inspection of excisemen, when the most sacred prin-

ciple of the constitution is that in Great Britain every man's house is his castle? But even though you were to trample on every principle of British liberty, and beset every avenue of expenditure with the inquisitors of excise, it is quite impossible, from the nature of the thing, that you can advance the public revenue to its limit by a tax upon consumption. A tax upon a commodity is at best but a fraction of the whole price, which I advance in purchasing it. Government may engross this fraction, but still there is a remainder which must go to the wages of those who labour in preparing the commodity, and to the profit of those whose capital is vested in the employment. Government may encrease the tax, but the whole effect of this encrease is to secure to itself a greater fraction of the whole price. Part of the price is expended as before on the maintenance of labourers, and the profit of capitalists. Government may engross to itself about three fourths of the price of tobacco, but one-fourth is still employed in the maintenance of those who work for the purchase and conveyance of this commodity. Now how can government secure to itself the whole price to be paid for tobacco? Not certainly by a tax upon the price of tobacco; for, in addition to the tax, work must be paid for, and profit must be given. They may screw it up to the utmost, but there is still a remainder, which is beyond every effort they can make to seize it, so long as they confine themselves to this system of taxation. A tax upon a commodity always presupposes that that commodity has either been manufactured or wrought for. It presupposes an original price which is paid by the consumer. It presupposes the existence of a disposable population employed in the production of the commodity. Deduct the tax from the whole price of a manufactured article, and there remains what I would call the natural price. This natural price goes to recompence the industry of the workmen employed in preparing the article, in the form of wages; and it also goes to recompence the capitalists in the form of profit. Now, government can never get at this natural price, nor command the services of that part of the disposable population employed in manufacturing the commodity, so long as it restricts its taxations to the commodity itself.

In order to prevent these inconveniences, and to enable government to carry the powers of taxation far beyond the line to which it has hitherto been thought possible to extend it, the *reverend* Mr. Chalmers recommends such a gigantic tax upon income, as would not leave any individual in the kingdom a sum more than sufficient to purchase the common necessities of life. Thus this gentleman, who is the most perfect *leveller of fortunes and conditions* that was ever known in the wildest sect in the most turbulent times, would at once reduce the whole kingdom to a state of indigence without remedy and without hope. For if such a deduction

### *Chalmers on National Resources.*

is to be made by government as will leave every individual only a bare subsistence, it is clear that no parsimony can be practised and no capital accumulated, that industry and idleness are on the same footing, and that the whole kingdom must soon become the scene of ruin and despair.

But this gentleman tells us that, if the whole disposable population be employed in the military establishments of the country, and a tax be laid on merchants and land-owners, so as to leave them nothing but the common necessities of life, as much food will be produced as before; that the quantity of subsistence will suffer no diminution; and the only difference will be that the disposable population will be in the pay of government as soldiers, instead of that of manufacturers and capitalists as artizans. But what is it which induces the landowner to produce as much food as he possibly can beyond what is necessary for his own subsistence and that of his labourers? Is it not that with the surplus he may either be able to increase his stock of money or enjoyment? that he may either add to his capital, or to those productions of manufacture or of art, of native or of foreign growth, the desire of which increases with the increase of civilization, and to the operations of which we are ultimately indebted for an increased supply of food and for all the comfort and ornament of life? But if the land-owner be not permitted to make any increase to his capital or his enjoyments by his surplus produce, but if the whole is to be swept away by a rapacious government animated with such a military mania as the reverend Mr. Chalmers in the true spirit of gospel charity endeavours to inspire, we believe that neither the terrors of the law, nor of the sword, will be able to compel him to cultivate an acre more than is necessary for his own necessities; and indeed we are of opinion that a British farmer would rather die of hunger himself than sow where he is not to reap, but where the whole produce is to be carried off by a tyrannical court. If Mr. Chalmers be a friend to famine, he could not have suggested any method more likely to produce it.

Mr. Chalmers is an enemy to taxes on consumption, because he thinks that the wages of labour, which are expended in producing the article, with the profits of the capital employed, are still left in the pockets of the people as long as the tax is not so great as to operate as a prohibition on the use of the commodity. Such a tax would counteract itself. But if there must be taxes, we are friends to taxes on consumption, for the very same reasons for which Mr. Chalmers is an enemy to them; because they cannot be carried be-



yond a certain extent, because they are generally proportioned to the wealth of the consumers, and because as far as they are levied on articles of superfluity, of luxury, and ornament, their payment is less a matter of necessity than of choice. They seem better adapted than any other mode of taxation to a free and particularly to a commercial country. A tax on consumption is preferable to a tax on income, because though it may be equally high, it is less perceptible in its operations; because it is usually so identified with objects of desire, that it increases the willingness and stimulates the industry to pay. When a man drinks a cup of tea or a glass of wine, the gratification almost effaces the recollection of the tax; and in proportion as we lay an impost on objects of desire, *provided it be not carried beyond a certain limit, THE TAX OPERATES ONLY AS A STIMULANT ON THE INDUSTRY OF THE INDIVIDUAL.* He finds tea, coffee, and wine, or mahogany furniture, silk, cotton, and fine clothes, conduce to his real or his imaginary gratification, and his volition is excited to the attainment notwithstanding the additional price which is occasioned by the tax. But it is far different with a direct tax on income, the payment of which is not accompanied with any pleasurable associations, which is blended with no ideas of tea, wine, pictures, or fine clothes, but which, on the other hand, sensibly diminishes the means of every gratification; the payment of which takes from the power of procuring objects of desire, and which therefore always will be made with sullenness and reluctance. In the payment of a tax on certain articles of consumption, the tax, in some measure, addresses itself to the appetites, the passions, and affections of man; but a tax not on consumption but on income can have no assistance from such powerful auxiliaries in the human breast. And if a tax of ten per cent. on income, which only *abridges* the innocent gratifications of life, is paid with so much difficulty and reluctance, what accumulated discontent must ensue from such a tax as the *Reverend Mr. Chalmers* proposes, which is to *take them all away?* which is to divert the disposable population from those present employments which add so much to the comfort and embellishment of human life, and to make the whole country bristle with the bayonet and the pike?

There is a fallacy which pervades not only this work of Mr. Chalmers, but the writings of Mr. Cobbett and Mr. Spence, that all the taxes which are laid on articles of native or foreign growth are ultimately paid by the consumer; this may be true in one sense, but it is false in another: and though the fact be true, the inference which they wish to

deduce from it is false. Their inference is, that as the tax is paid by the consumer, the consumer could afford to pay the same sum in a direct tax to government which he now pays in a tax on a particular article of manufacture or commerce, provided the article itself were no longer produced at home or imported from abroad. In this anti-manufacturing and anti-commercial hypothesis the fallacy consists in not considering that *the power of the consumer to pay taxes on articles of manufacture, &c. &c. has been principally owing to the creation of a source of income by the previous existence of commerce and manufactures*, and that, if commerce and manufactures are destroyed, no such sources of income can in future be produced by the industry and frugality of individuals. Thus, therefore, the power of paying taxes would soon be greatly diminished as the old sources of income were wasted or destroyed, and no new could be produced. In a commercial and manufacturing state, individuals are continually accumulating fresh sources of income, and consequently of taxation, but to abolish manufactures and commerce, according to the suggestion of Mr. Chalmers, is like destroying the goose that laid the golden eggs. When the goose was dead the simpleton who had opened her bowels found that he had fatally blasted the hope of adding to his stock of gold : and we have no doubt that when Mr. Chalmers has exterminated commerce and manufactures, and converted the whole disposable population into a mass of unproductive soldiers, he will perceive that he has destroyed one of the principal sources of national prosperity and happiness.

If we survey the suburbs of London for five or six miles round, we behold the most striking appearances of neatness, elegance, and comfort every where diffused. This pleasurable spectacle always strikes foreigners with rapturous astonishments. They see nothing like it on the continent; but to what are we indebted for this highly gratifying phenomenon? To what, but to the unequalled extent and unrivalled pitch of our commercial greatness and renown? That disposable population which is employed in commerce and manufactures, in laborious trades and in ornamental arts, has realized this picture of riches and of happiness. Yet Mr. Chalmers in his great solicitude for the welfare of his country would metamorphose this multitude of peaceful artificers, traders and merchants into myriads of cut-throats. If Mr. Chalmers's new scheme of national defence should be carried into effect, the vicinity of the metropolis, which is now filled with a profusion of gardens and villas, produced by the

vigorous employment of commercial capital, would soon present a scene of wretchedness and desolation, heightened by the most painful regrets and the most heart-rending recollections. But the destruction of the finest metropolis in the world which contains a million of inhabitants, the majority of whom are placed in circumstances of comparative affluence and comfort, would, it seems, be regarded by this *reverend* politician, with *patriotic* unconcern. His soul, which seems like an arsenal filled with all the combustibles of war, would not be moved by the sight of London in flames; or of thousands and thousands of women and children pining with indigence and misery in her streets. For Mr. C. informs us P. 348, with perfect *sang froid*, that a metropolis is only a *great collection of houses*; and consequently that the destruction would be a mere *bagatelle* in his *moral* calculation.

We cannot take our leave of Mr. Chalmers without requesting him to employ his ingenuity, of which he possesses a considerable share, in more *peaceful* and *benevolent* speculations.

ART. XI.—*Hoare's Giraldus Cambrensis, concluded from p. 429, Vol. XIII.*

GIRALDUS opens his second volume with a short preface, lamenting the removal of the pall from St. David's; and promising to declare briefly by what means it became, and how it ceased to be, the metropolitan church of Wales. Caerleon was originally the archiepiscopal see of that principality, but on Dubricius, archbishop of Caerleon, resigning his honours to David, he through his interest with king Arthur, who was said to be his nephew, had the see removed to St. David's (olim Menevia). Here the dignity remained through the succession of twenty-four archbishops; but Sampson, the twenty-fifth, being prevailed upon to leave the kingdom on account of a disorder called the yellow plague, landed on the coast of Brittany, and was immediately elected to the vacant see of Dol. He transported his pall along with him, and the possession of this symbol of archiepiscopacy afforded a sufficient pretence to his successors for assuming the title of archbishops of Dol.

' But during the presidency of the archbishop of Tours, this adventitious dignity ceased; yet our countrymen, through indolence or poverty, or rather owing to the arrival of the English into the

island, and the frequent hostilities committed against them by the Saxons, lost their archiepiscopal honours; but until the entire subjugation of Wales by king Henry the First, the Welsh bishops were always consecrated by the bishop of St. David's, and he was consecrated by his suffragans, without any profession or submission being made to any other church.' Vol. ii. p. 3.

The eighth in succession from Sampson was Morgeneu,

'the first bishop of St. David's, who ate flesh, and was there killed by the pirates; he appeared to a certain bishop in Ireland on the night of his death, shewing his wounds, and saying, "Because I ate meat, I am made meat." ' p. 3.

In the above quotations, which we made without any idea of adverting to the language, there occur two instances of inaccuracy; '*arrival of the English into, &c.*' in the first extract; and from the second, we should be at a loss to understand whether any prior bishop of St. David's ate flesh, or whether of all the bishops who did so, Morgeneu was the only one who was killed by pirates: did not his apparition to the Irish bishop explain the mystery. We are also not a little puzzled to make out *at what island the English arrived*. Does this passage allude to the return of Egbert from France, and the subsequent conquest of the Saxon princes, and the union of the Heptarchy, under the name of England? We never heard Wales called an island, nor can we conceive how, from its situation, it can in any light be considered one.

We cannot leave this chapter, without quoting an instance of the art with which Giraldus often disguises his incredulity of the miracles he relates, and which he seems disposed to laugh at if he durst.

'It appears very remarkable to me, that in our days, when David the Second presided over the sea, the river should have flowed wine: and that the spring called Pistyll-Dewi, or the pipe of David, from its flowing through a pipe into the eastern side of the church-yard, should have ran with milk.' p. 8.

The translator in his annotations on this chapter, gives a very clear and interesting account of the events connected with the cathedral of St. David's; and an elaborate description of the present state of that edifice and its appendages, illustrated with several views and plans. Having already made such ample extracts we will not rob the antiquarian reader of any portion of the pleasure which he will derive from the perusal of these notes.

Giraldus informs us, p. 49, that in his time there were beavers in the river Teivi. As the accurate and judicious Pennant\* has considered this authority sufficient to establish the fact, that beavers have existed in Wales, no future natural historian need hesitate admitting the truth of it.

In the fourth chapter Giraldus mentions the abbey of Stratflur, where the archbishop and his party passed the night. This incident has given an opportunity to his translator of introducing a short notice of its remains, which are reduced to a single Saxon arch of a most singular and beautiful description. In the joint-like divisions of its circular mouldings (*pillars* we should call them, did they not sweep without interruption round the head of the arch) we observe a strong resemblance to the band, or fillet, which was introduced in the 13th century as an appendage to the tall, clustered columns of that age.

We must not omit doing Sir R. Hoare the justice of acknowledging that the drawing, and the chiaro-scuro of this print are excellent, we wish the tree on the right had been exchanged for an imaginary one, *not of the plum kind*; or that the artist had taken the liberty of squeezing its bole into a less inelegant curve. Of the engraving, we do not hesitate to affirm, that it is the clearest and the best in the volume, and one of a few exceptions, to the imputation of a general dryness and poverty of effect.

Of the church of Landewi Brevi, memorable on account of a miracle performed there in honour of St. David; the annotator gives the following melancholy account :

'This church is situated on a gentle eminence, backed by high mountains, and surrounded by the most miserable hovels I ever beheld. Though a large and spacious building, it corresponds with the village in misery and desolation. Four lofty gothic arches, supporting a square massive turret, bespeak its ancient grandeur; it can boast of no roof but its beams and rafters; and of no pavement but the native soil, &c.' p. 73.

We have never read descriptions of ruined or antient structures, which have appeared to us so clear and intelligible as those which we meet with in this publication; and we ought to have remarked of our extract from the account of the church of Eweny, in the first volume, that it falls with great ingenuity from a general into a particular de-

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\* Vid. Pennant's *Arctic Zoology*, vol. i. p. v.



scription, so as to give the reader a very satisfactory idea of the building which is the subject of it.

The archbishop of Canterbury, though on so serious a mission, was not averse from innocent mirth. On his way to Bangor, he dismounted with his party, in order to pass with greater security through a steep and rugged valley ; on reaching

‘ The opposite side after considerable fatigue, the archbishop, to rest himself and recover his breath, sat down on an oak which had been torn up by the violence of the winds and relaxing into a pleasantry highly laudable in a person of his approved gravity, thus addressed his attendants: who amongst you in this company, can now delight our wearied ears by whistling? which is not easily done by people out of breath,’ &c. P. 84.

A view of Bangor obtrudes itself on our sight, taken apparently from a considerable elevation ; but so ill managed in every respect, that we wonder how it was admitted into this elegant and expensive work.

Having as we hope given the reader a tolerable insight into the plan and execution of this part of the work, we will only detain him to say, that it concludes with a very favourable character of the zealous prelate who presided over this party of errant divines.

The defects which occur in the style of the translator, are generally to be attributed to negligence. He discovers much reading on the subject of his undertaking, and quotes largely from the works of earlier historians and antiquaries ; we do not mean to insinuate that he does this to too great an extent.

Whether Sir Richard Hoare despise the brilliant effect produced by a judicious management of light and shade, we will not take upon us to decide ; but we think that a little more attention to that kind of beauty would have taken away the monotony and flatness which characterize a great number of his views. Carelessness of drawing is sometimes observable in his buildings, especially in the summits of his towers, of which the converging lines are described without any attention to the rules of perspective.

Though these inaccuracies detract something from the merit of the work before us, we are ready to acknowledge that the translator has conferred a great obligation on the lovers of antiquarian research, and we have no doubt that his book will find a place in the libraries of the opulent, and be read with great pleasure (when they can get it) by those who are not so.

The next in order are two poems translated from the Welsh of Owain Cyveilioc. the first the *Hirlas*, or drinking horn, by a friend of Sir Richard Hoare, whose mistaken good-nature has afforded Richard Fenton, Esq. an opportunity of convincing the world that he is not born to be immortalised as a poet. We cannot well tolerate such verses as these :

' Pour out the horn ; 'tis my delight  
A social converse to excite,  
Till by each inspired guest  
The powerful influence be confest.' P. 222.

To these poems succeeds a ' Description of Wales,' translated from Giraldus by Sir R. Hoare, and elucidated by his annotations, which, as usual, shew great marks of industrious research, and a judicious application of the remarks of his predecessors. The task which we have imposed upon ourselves of paying great attention to the concluding part of this volume, precludes us from noticing the many interesting subjects which this ' description' presents to us. The translator adds a useful supplement to it, and concludes this division in these words :

' That the rise and progress of our national architecture may be more distinctly marked and known, I shall endeavour by the means of examples that have occurred during my itinerary through South Wales, to follow its course, tracing its varieties, and demonstrating the gradual advancement it made towards perfection, and proving that *system*, not *chance*, directed the hands of our ancient workmen.' P. 410.

It seems strange to us that after this declaration, the writer of it should derive the pointed arch from the intersections of the Saxon arcade, the observation of which must have been merely accidental. He entitles this part of his work, 'Progress of Architecture, from a period nearly coeval with the Conqueror, to the sixteenth century, illustrated by a series of designs taken from existing remains in South Wales, and arranged systematically.'

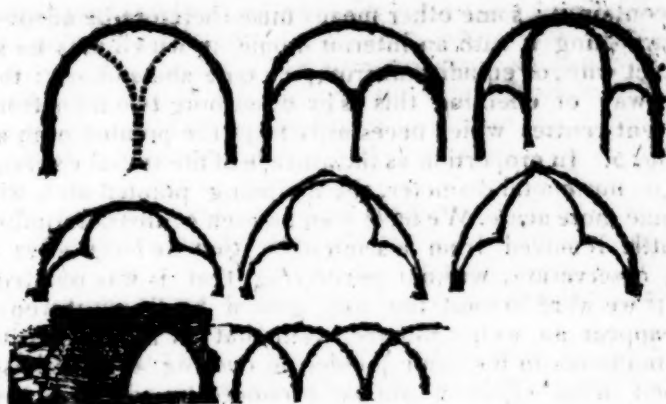
In this illustration, the author has been assisted by the experience and drawings of Mr. Carter ; the designs are indeed excellent, and beautifully engraved ; but we cannot help questioning the soundness of that judgment, which induced Sir R. Hoare to illustrate the changes which have taken place in our ecclesiastical and monastic architecture, by examples drawn from a comparatively small portion of the island. There are many chasms in this series ; this was to

be expected, but we particularly lament that he has given us no considerable documents of that style, in which the arch fluctuates between the round and pointed form, and which we think removes from our ancestors the disgrace of being indebted to foreign nations, or to accident, for the introduction of that distinguishing ornament of our national architecture, the pointed arch. A naturalist whose object was to illustrate the chain which almost imperceptibly unites animal and vegetable existence, would not confine his search of examples, to one particular spot on the surface of the globe. We should say, that it were better to have omitted the whole of this part of the work, than to have given it thus imperfect to the world: did we not with pleasure allow Mr. Carter any opportunity of adding his most beautiful drawings to the public stock.

When a man has the misfortune to be tied to an hypothesis, he is led away wherever it chuses to carry him. It interposes itself between him and every object he contemplates, and leaves its own form most strongly impressed on his memory. Whilst he declares that he is in search of truth and conviction, he is determined not to see any thing but what favours his preconceived opinion. One antiquary can see nothing in British architecture which indicates our invention of the pointed arch: 'Sir, I have searched every corner of the Continent for it: and I am enabled to say that it is certainly of Saracenic origin.' Another tells you the idea is taken from a grove, but is uncertain what part of Europe had the honour of its first introduction. Some declare it has existed thousands of years on the banks of the Ganges, and many, of which number is the author of this 'Progress,' derive it from the accidental observation of an arcade, which is found in some Saxon edifices, in which each arch taking its rise from the centre of the preceding one, produces a succession of pointed arches of the most regular and beautiful kind (vide fig. 8.)\* We are unwilling to admit the justness of any of these theories, for we see no reason why our forefathers should not out of the numberless modifications to which matter is subject, have produced varieties much more extraordinary than the transition from the circular to the pointed arch; and we think that we have observed an interrupted series connecting the two forms in question.

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\* From inadvertency the figures have not been numbered in the cuts, but we refer to their successive situations from left to right.



These small and repeated deviations from the circular forms, have originated from that search after variety, which with so many fine examples before them, influenced Jones and Wren in the designs of their *Gothic* structures; or which still misguides our modern pretenders to excellence, in this species of architecture.

Fig. 1, (we do not at present advert to the dotted lines in this figure) is a plain semicircular arch, common alike to the Romans, Saxons and Normans; 2 and 3 are only multiplications of the same simple form; these are found in the Norman part of our cathedrals, and generally in the galleries. If an architect wished to apply Fig. 3 to a door-way, the pillars supporting the central division would be incommodious; in order to appropriate it to this purpose its form must undergo an alteration, the pillars must be removed and the sweep of the lower arches curtailed and brought into contact with the springing of the central one: this will produce an arch nearly resembling No. 4, the interior arch of a church porch; and the church to which it is attached, is remarkable for its plain semicircular arches, supported by circular columns with capitals composed of very large and projecting scrolls. As the door cases are frequently the most ancient part of the edifice, and as this building may be dated at latest very soon after the conquest, we may conclude this arch to be of that antiquity. Its two lower segments are each one fourth of a circle, and the upper one a semicircle, the diameters of all of which are equal to half the diameter of the circumscribing semicircle, by which they are exactly included. If the upper division of this trefoil be enlarged to more than a semicircle, its altitude will be so much increased that the outer semicircle will

not contain it; some other means must therefore be adopted of furnishing it with an interior moulding which may be in contact with, or equidistant from, its base and summit: the only way of effecting this is by describing two lines from different centres which necessarily form the pointed arch as in Fig. 5. In proportion as the altitude of the trefoil exceeds half its horizontal diameter, the including pointed arch will become more acute. We have seen an arch of this description so little removed from a semicircle, that we left it after a long observation, without perceiving that it was pointed; But if we were to omit the step gained by fig. 5, it would not appear an extraordinary event that an architect with his compasses in his hand pondering over fig. 4, should ask himself what effect would be produced by adding to this arch a greater degree of complexity. The abrupt termination of the two lower branches of the trefoil, would suggest to him a continuation of this angular character to the rest of the figure; and nothing can be more easily imagined than his placing the fixed, and tracing, points of his instrument, alternately on these corresponding angles, and producing the upper part of the internal arch of fig. 6,\* and as the angle of this pointed arch would rise above the including semicircle of fig. 4, it would occur to the architect to unite each lower extremity of the inferior segments, to the apex of the arch, by two equal curve lines described from different centres; and thus he would complete the 6th figure. We must, however, acknowledge that one objection applies to this last method of producing the pointed arch: the arch thus formed would be of the perfect kind, *i. e.* it would include an equilateral triangle, which we are of opinion is not the most ancient form; for a very obtuse pointed arch was the immediate successor of the semicircular one. The system of intersecting arches, on which Sir R. Hoare founds his hypothesis, is liable to the same objection.

But if we must have recourse to *accident* for the origin of this peculiar style, an imputation degrading to the character of the architects of the 12th century, we could propose circumstances which may have given rise to it, as feasible, if not more so, than the boasted intersections of fig. 8; which besides the objection above stated, that the pointed figure it describes is not of the oldest form, is liable to another; that being imperforate, (the figure never being described

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\* This arch is very frequent in our architecture of the 12th and 13th centuries.



otherwise than in relieve,) it was not so likely to attract notice as a similar figure through which any remote object was visible. For instance, to a spectator standing at a moderate distance, and looking-obliquely through a Roman arch, the open part would assume a pointed form as in No. 7, and give a tolerably accurate idea of the effect which would be produced by an arch of that shape.

Or supposing the crown of a semicircular arch to have given way, the most simple and the most obvious expedient for supplying this defect without producing deformity or obstructing a view through it would be a support resembling the dotted line of fig. 1.

Having condemned the violent attachment to an hypothesis in others, we must disclaim entertaining any opinion that our own is incontrovertible: we confess that in some instances our system has a nearer connection with accident than we could wish; and any one who will overturn it by proving that the change from the round to the pointed arch, owes still less to chance, will have our sincere good wishes.

The praises lavished on our national architecture, have in general evinced more zeal than judgment. Some of its most fervent admirers have affected to look with contempt on the productions of Greece and Rome, when put in competition with it; not considering that the characters and objects of the two styles are so opposite as not to admit of comparison: the one addressed itself to the imagination only, the others both to the imagination and the judgment. Although we do not admit the fact that the proportions of Greece were taken from the human figure, we cannot lay aside the idea that the two styles in question are capable of some illustration by referring them respectively to the forms of an old, and of a vigorous man. In the Grecian sweeping outline and the swelling fullness of its arch and column, the unassisted strength of its walls, its exact proportions, its bold projections, and rectangular masses, convey the idea of the strength, beauty, and well defined figure of vigorous manhood. In the British style the irregular surface of the clustered pillars, its apparent weakness, its interrupted and frittered outline, its ambiguous form, remind us of the emaciated limbs, the tottering frame, and the shrivelled skin of age. Its buttresses are crutches, necessary for the support of its feeble carcase; and when we apply the term *venerable*, to a fabric of this description, we are perhaps led to do so by an unacknowledged recollection of the respect due to infirmity and length of days, in our own species.

Lord Orford says "The papal see amassed its wealth by Gothic cathedrals, and displays it in Grecian temples." The intricacy of the first-mentioned structures may be considered as the counterpart of the Romish religion, which extended its influence over the human mind in proportion as its doctrines became more abstruse and incomprehensible: and it would be a cause of wonder how the reformation could take place during the existence of our cathedrals, had we not daily evidence that bigotry and superstition do not disdain the pert trimness of a modern conventicle; and we are sorry to add, not always the mahogany pulpit of a popular chapel.

Though we differ in many respects from the opinions of Sir R. Hoare in his "Progress of Architecture" especially as to the manner in which the pointed arch was introduced, and the form which it first assumed, we acknowledge ourselves much indebted to him for the entertainment he has afforded us: but we must observe, that this part of his work is more calculated for the scrutiny of the proficient in antiquarian knowledge, than for the instruction of the learner. Whether it be the consequence of our having become more familiarized with the style of the author, or, whether the punctuation be really less frequent than in the former volume, we have not remarked that redundancy of commas, which, though perhaps placed with critical accuracy, were very offensive both to the eye and to the ear.

The volume concludes with a list of books relating to Wales; and a beautiful map of the country describing the military stations of the Romans, and the Itinerary of Baldwin.

ART. XII.—*The Bees: a Poem, in four Books. With Notes, Moral, Political, and Philosophical. By John Evans, M. D. &c. Book II. 4to. 7s. Longman. 1808.*

WE have already noticed the appearance of the first book of this pleasing poem; and refer our readers to Vol. IX. p. 321 of the present series of our Review for an opinion of its general merits. The portion now presented to us is not at all inferior to what went before; but it is our duty to point out the principal faults which we have observed, and which, with the talents of Dr. Evans, it can be no difficult task for him to avoid in the further progress of his work.

These faults are nearly all resolvable into a too close imitation of Dr. Darwin's style; a style most unfit for imitation, but of which we fear that Dr. Evans is an admirer. He scatters his epithets with unparalleled profusion; and those which he employs are almost as often married as single. In the space of one hundred lines we notice laughter-loving, downy-vested, pale-crested, long-famed, saffron-tinted, life-preserving, blue-eyed, full-armed, virgin-vested, new-fallen, milk-white, ready-bearing, full-clustered, party-coloured, gory-spotted, crimson-tinctured, laurel-seeming, sun-bright, lemon-scented, rose-lipp'd, firmly-clasping, strong-smelling, that is, one compound epithet in every five lines.

The fault will be made more conspicuous by a quotation. We select the opening of the book.

' Daughters of fashion, who obsequious wait  
Her *changeful* call, and swell her *tinsell'd* state,  
Who bask and flutter in her *noontide* ray,  
The *light* papilios of a summer's day,  
Still cling enrapt, where pride and folly *haunt*,  
Nor press with foot *profane* coy nature's *haunt*.  
Far from your *giddy* round the goddess flies,  
Veil'd in *blue* mists, where *heath-clad* Ferwyns\* rise,  
Down the *deep* glen in *white-foam'd* currents led,  
Where brawls *rude* Ceriog o'er her *pebbly* bed,  
Or where she purls, responsive to the gale,  
Breathing *soft* whispers through Brynkynnalt's vale.

To the abuse of epithets may be added the coining of new, or adoption of fanciful words—' *soothful* sound'—  
' *glittering moonlets*' [of Saturn and Jupiter,] ' *shapely* cots,'  
' *foodful* meal,' &c. &c.

From a general description of Lady Dunganon's garden, he takes the liberty of introducing us to every particular flower that grows there; and in this enumeration it is evident that his *Darwinic* propensity must shine forth to admiration. They are all of them ' *bashful* maids,' ' *fair* vestals,' &c. &c. and all feel amorous pains and virgin-raptures.

' 'With her' (Miss Violet) ' *pied* Pansy, once a *vestal* fair  
In Ceres' train, low droops with amorous air,  
Stain'd by the bolt of love her purple breast,  
And freak'd with jet\* her party-colour'd vest.'—  
—'A second' (Lily) ' *waves* in meretricious glare,  
Radiant with orange glow her scentless hair.'

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\* The chain of Berwyn mountains in North Wales.

'The dazzling gem  
That beams in Fritillaria's diadem.'—

'—Gay Mezereon's crimson-tinctur'd bush  
Again revives coy Daphne's maiden blush.' &c. &c. &c.

The versification is, in general, easy and flowing to an extreme; yet there are a few limping lines, and several inharmonious words which might be changed without any injury to the sense. A didactic poem must needs be a very dull performance without the occasional relief of episodes. Yet these should not be too thickly sprinkled, and they should, above all things, possess some strong and peculiar interest in themselves, as well as arise naturally from the opportunity which introduces them. The present portion of Dr. Evans's poem contains much more of episode than of the main subject; and the episodes he has chosen, though tolerably well connected, are in our opinion very defective in interest.

'Swarming, resting, and hiving of bees' lead us to the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew and an 'Apostrophe to English Generosity and French Ingratitude.' 'Fresh Tenants occupy deserted Combs'—'Fable of Aristæus,' 'Grief of Swarms at the loss of a Leader and Joy at her Re-appearance'—'Seizure and Escape of the King of Poland.' 'Double Swarms unite under one Leader, her Rival being sacrificed by general Consent, or slain in Battle'—'Battle of Bosworth.' 'After Swarms ineffective'—'Voyage of Prince Madoc.' 'The Mother-hive, weakened by successive Swarming, falls a Prey to more powerful Neighbours, unless moved to a distant Situation, or strengthened by union with another Stock'—'Departure of the Braganza family from Lisbon to Brazil, under the protecting guidance of an English fleet.'

The last-mentioned episode is the most interesting of the selection: and if we did not read it with all the enthusiasm the subject appears to demand, it is not Dr. Evans's fault, but the fault of ministers for permitting the print-sellers of the metropolis to display the portrait of the prince regent; a portrait, which instantly dissolves the whole charm of imagination, and transforms the fancied hero into the very type of 'little Isaac' in the Duenna. Perhaps all the readers of our review have not seen this unfortunate likeness. To those who are still able to unite the ideas of the Prince of Brazils and the ancient hero of Salamis,\* the following

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\* Teucer, Salamina, Patremque  
Cum fugeret, &c.

quotation may not be unacceptable. It is as fair a specimen as can be produced of Dr. Evans's poetry :

'So Lusitania, once proud Europe's boast,  
When Viriases led thy victor host,  
Or thy bold Vasco to the rising day  
Forc'd round the cape of storms his venturous way;  
Low grovelling now, thy race degenerate craves  
The gold-bought respite from insatiate slaves.  
Ah ! fruitless all the hoards of each fair shrine,  
And all the glittering treasures of the mine !  
Like floods of oil, which feed the growing fire,  
New proffer'd gifts but kindle new desire.  
'Mid foes infuriate, and fast sinking friends,  
O'er Cintra's rock thy drooping genius bends,  
Rolls wistful round the wave his tear-swoln eye,  
And fain would hope the kind assistance nigh.  
Yes ! thou shalt hope ! for see on ocean's verge  
What vane-crown'd forests peer above the surge,  
Till all emergent now the broad hulls sweep—  
And trace a foam-bright track along the deep.  
Loud calls the herald as he speeds to land,  
Still waving, as he calls, the peaceful wand.  
'Haste Lusians, haste ! enfated Lisbon falls,  
Ere lust and rapine riot in her walls ;  
Already o'er yon hills Gaul's eagles play,  
In act to swoop and seize their promis'd prey ;  
Ere smoke your cities, and your fields lie waste,  
To join our guardian flag, ye Lusians haste :  
'Tis Albion calls, whose sons, humane as brave,  
*Beyond e'en conquest still delight to save.*  
Swift hails Brazilia's prince th' auspicious sign,  
And woos in fervent prayer faith's holy shrine.  
Then, while their bark the royal group ascend,  
With patriot shouts what moans of anguish blend !  
For hard the task, tho' glory fires the heart,  
When friends, when kindred, or when lovers part,  
To fling each warm affection to the wind,  
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind.  
Still faithful to her charge, Idalia's queen  
Reins her white swans, and hovers o'er the scene,  
Love's nimble train unfurl the swelling sail,  
And lightly from the land they point the gale ;  
O'er the dread bar propitious Nereids guide,  
While Halcyons soothe to rest the rushing tide,  
Preceding Tritons sound their plausive shell,  
And rings from ship to shore the fond farewell.  
What lightnings flash ! what thunders rock the wave !  
Yet deem not these the death-sounds of the brave :



No bolts of fate dart thro' the bursting fires,  
 But each fresh peal fresh tides of joy inspires,  
 Responsive to the roar, while echoing cries  
 Of Brunswick and Braganza rend the skies,  
 Press'd with far different thoughts, yon spoiler crew  
 Shrink from the shock, and sicken at the view,  
 Prophetic see in balnicier zones revive,  
 Sav'd from their hornet fang, the human hive,  
 And mark enrag'd the glorious course begun,  
 As scowl'd fell Satan on the new-born sun.  
 Yes! that bright orb but veils his setting ray,  
 To spread through distant climes alternate day;  
 While the red ball, by force explosive driven,  
 Shoots with fierce glare across the vaults of heaven,  
 Frights the sad nations with ill-omen'd light,  
 Then melts in air the meteor of a night.

P. 71—74.

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ART. XIII.—*The Theory of Dreams : in which an Inquiry is made into the Powers and Faculties of the Human Mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable Dreams recorded in sacred and profane History. 2 Vols. 12mo. Rivington. 1808.*

A VERY favourite mode of arguing in behalf of opinions, which cannot stand the scrutiny of sober reasoning, is to appeal to their universal prevalence ; and still more effectually to silence opposition, their advocates triumphantly appeal to the authority of certain magical names, from whom it may be thought unseemly and presumptuous to dissent. Fenelon acknowledged the infallibility of the Pope, Addison was a trinitarian, Locke believed in the miracles, Newton in the prophecies, and Milton in the infallibility of scripture. As if the individual perception of truth could be at all affected by the belief of other people, though they were imbued with more than human wisdom, or had been received, like St. Paul, into the third heaven. In truth, to every human being, his own single reason must be paramount to all other authority whatever ; it is the light implanted by the Creator to direct his understanding and regulate his conduct. Upon many points a man may be conscious of his inability to form an opinion ; but when he professes to *believe*, such belief must be an act of private judgment, which no human authority has the power or the right to controul. We may as well pretend to see with

the eyes, or hear with the ears, as to believe with the understanding of another.

Bigots, either in religion, in morals, or in politics, have the hardihood to deny to the bulk of mankind this the most sacred and imprescriptible of their rights. But their arguments are as weak, as their claim is presumptuous. How little force there is in the appeal to the weight of great names or in the universal assent of mankind may be learned from the authentic records of forgotten or exploded superstitions. Now-a-days hardly any even of the vulgar do not laugh at omens and prodigies, dreams and divinations. But so rooted was the faith of the antients in these ridiculous follies, that Cicero has thought it not beneath him to collect in an express treatise, whatever might be said either in their behalf or in contradiction to them. The conduct of armies and debates of senates, whatever was most interesting either to the public or in domestic life were made to depend on the most insignificant events. So general was the delusion that the followers of Epicurus were the only sect of the ancient philosophers, who had the courage to stem the torrent, and to profess their belief in the constancy and regularity of the laws of nature, and their consequent disbelief in the reality of all preternatural interpositions of the Deity in human affairs.

It may not then be without advantage to the present race to expose the errors, follies, and superstitions of those that are past. The view of absurdities that have passed away may make men less fierce and less dogmatic in behalf of those that are in vogue. The confidence in dreams formed but a small part of the fooleries of weakness and credulity. But this confidence is, we believe, utterly extinct in the minds of all who have had a common share of plain elementary education.

In the collection before us, we think the writer has shewn more reading and industry than genius and discrimination. To go about solemnly to refute a number of idle and senseless tales, fit only to amaze or terrify a set of children and gossips round a winter's fireside, is a task, to which we think a mind of ordinary strength would not willingly submit. What should we think of one who gravely reasoned against the probability of the thousand and one tales? But this writer seems to have been travelling from one wonder to another so long, that he is half afraid to exercise his reason; and though each single story almost carries with it its own refutation, the whole mass of them appears to have

made a deep impression. Hear the caution with which he speaks:

'The general theory to which the author is inclined is, that no dreams, excepting those involved with the history of revelation, have any necessary connection with, or can afford any assistance towards discovering the scenes of futurity. At the same time, he cannot but confess that there are many accounts supported on great authorities, which militate against this opinion, and that sometimes almost shake his convictions.'

Hear again with what dull and solemn gravity he states the *pros* and the *cons* of the argument.

'There is a principal consideration which should incline us to the belief, that ordinary dreams do not deserve to be respected as communications of preternatural instruction to mankind, which is, that we are not furnished with any sure principles of confidence, or any standing authority of interpretation: many dreams are indisputably fallacious as to conjectures of future events, and we have no mode of discriminating what is to be regarded as false or true; it cannot be supposed that God should require us to be influenced by that which has no stamp of his sanction, and it must be useless to be furnished with the prediction of events which have no relation to any adequate object, no title to be believed, and of which no prudence can avoid the accomplishment.'

In another passage (v. ii. p. 24.) he seriously informs us 'that he does not mean to deny the agency and superintendency of angels appointed over every man,' and supports his opinion by some words of Christ, (Matthew xviii. 1.) which, to our plain comprehension, afford not the smallest countenance to any such childish notion. If angels indeed influence the thoughts and actions of men, what is more probable than that dreams should be one of the instruments of their agency?

Our readers will hardly be contented without a specimen of some of the tales of wonder here presented. We will select one of the most authentic, which was taken from the mouth of the dreamer. As he was a man of sense, he draws no absurd inferences from the circumstance; a fact which disposes us to give the more credit to the tale.

'The bishop of Lombes, who was the intimate friend of Petrarch, pressed him in the most earnest manner to visit him at Lombes; Petrarch had promised to go the beginning of the year following, and had even formed the project of settling entirely near his amiable friend, when he received the melancholy news that the bishop was

dangerously ill at Lombes. The information alarmed him exceedingly: he fluctuated between fear and hope. 'One night in my sleep,' says Petrarch, 'I thought I saw the bishop walking alone, and crossing the stream that watered my garden. I ran to him, and asked him a thousand questions at once. From whence came you? Where are you going so fast? Why are you alone? The bishop replied with a smile, Do you recollect the summer you passed with me on the other side of the Garonne? The climate and the manners of Gascony displeased you, and you found the mountains of the Pyrenees insupportable. I now think as you did. I am weary of it myself. I have bid adieu to this barbarous country, and am returning to Rome.' He had continued to walk on while he spake these words, and was got to the end of the garden; I attempted to join him, and begged that I might at least be permitted the honour of accompanying him; the bishop gently put me back with his hand, and changing his countenance and the tone of his voice, 'No,' said he, 'you must not come with me at the present.' After having said this, he looked stedfastly at me, and then it was that I saw on his face all the signs of death. The sudden shock of this sight caused me to cry aloud, and awaked me from my sleep; I marked the day, and related the circumstances to the friends I had at Padua, and wrote an account of it to my other friends in many different places. Five and twenty days after this I received the mournful news that the bishop of Lombes was dead, and found that he died on the very day that I had seen him in vision in my garden. This singular accident,' says he, to John Andre, 'gives me no more faith in dreams than Cicero had, who, as well as myself had a dream confirmed by the event.'

The first of these little volumes, and the beginning of the second is almost wholly made up of narration. In the arrangement of his matter, he has followed chronological order, producing first the accounts delivered in ancient history; and then the most singular records since the establishment of christianity. The dreams related in the books of the Old and the New Testament, he considers of indisputable authority; and when we consider the pains and penalties, the fines, stripes, and imprisonments attached to a dissent from orthodox doctrines, we do not feel inclined to dispute his opinion. Sir William Scott, Dr. Lawrence, and the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of London are such weighty disputants, that we shrink with horror from the controversy.

Having gone through the historical part of his labours, the author engages in the still more difficult task of explaining the nature of these perplexing phenomena. But though we meet with several good incidental observations, we cannot say that we have discovered any thing which deserves the name of a theory. The writer does not seem

to possess the fundamental knowledge necessary to consider them as a physiologist ; nor the freedom of spirit and depth of research essential to a metaphysician. However, if we have not been greatly instructed, it would be uncandid to deny that we have received amusement. His observations are interspersed with many pretty quotations from both ancient and modern poets. These are like parterres of flowers, which abstract the attention from the meagreness and sterility of the soil in which they are planted.

The subject of dreams very naturally introduces that of sleep ; on which the author has a chapter too ; which we must characterise as we would the rest of the work ; viz. that we find little to blame, and still less to commend. But what connexion there is between dreams and the Scottish supposed faculty of second sight is not so obvious. We find however, a chapter on this head extracted from Dr. Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands. If this celebrated moralist, on such a subject, never could advance his curiosity to conviction, but came away at last '*only willing to believe,*' it shews clearly that the discovery of truth was not one of the Doctor's pleasures ; since the confirmation of a popular prejudice would to him have been a source of satisfaction. For our own parts, we conceive there is little difficulty in reconciling the direct evidence in favour of this supposed power to the dictates of common sense. We would grant the facts, but deny the inference. In some ages, if a poor creature was troubled with convulsions, he was supposed to be possessed by the devil. In the Hebrides, when a man's brain is disordered, he is thought to have the second sight. In the accounts which have been given there may be something of imposture ; but we dare say there has been still more of self-deception. He must be credulous as an infant, who can suppose that there is any real mystery in the business ; or that the inhabitants of these remote and retired spots possess any power, which are denied to the rest of the human species.

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ART. XV.—*A Letter from Mr. Whitbread to Lord Holland, on the present Situation of Spain.* Ridgway. 1808.

WE agree with Mr. Whitbread that the present struggle of the Spaniards against tyranny and oppression, is as glorious in all its circumstances as any that has ever been



exhibited upon the face of the earth.' The emperor of the French has met with the most formidable opposition to his tyranny where he least expected it; and where we thought it was never likely to take place. The supposed apathy and ignorance of the Spanish people seemed to render it in the highest degree improbable that they would be the first among the nations of the Continent who would make any general and effectual stand against the domination of Bonaparte. But recent events have proved that they were neither unconscious of his designs, indifferent to the fate of their country, nor unwilling to engage in an arduous conflict to rescue it from the humiliation of a weak government, and from subjection to a foreign power.

The means which Bonaparte took to secure the possession of the country, have fortunately been such as to defeat the end which he had in view. He has at once shocked the moral feeling as well as the political and religious prejudices of the country. His treachery has irreparably offended that sense of honour which is indigenous in the people of Spain. He sends an army into the country under the most friendly pretexts, and immediately employs it to subvert the government. He invites the royal family to Bayonne under the pledge of hospitality and protection; and, as soon as they are in his power, he sends them all prisoners into France. Bonaparte has, at the same time, shocked the religious prejudices of the Spaniards by depriving the pope of his dominions; and those who know the force of religious prejudice in such a superstitious and priestridden country, will readily conceive that Bonaparte has, in this instance, armed against himself one of the most formidable foes which he ever had to encounter. But the Corsican seems to have reached such a pinnacle of power as to have become all at once intoxicated on the giddy height. Thus his usual caution has forsaken him; and he seems rashly to have determined on the subjection of Spain without previously providing the means or calculating the probable difficulties of the execution. He probably despised the people, and thought that fraud combined with a very small degree of force, would be sufficient to enable him to juggle the nation out of their rights and independence. But though Bonaparte may have the strength and the ferocity of Antæus, we believe that he has raised up a Hercules in the Spanish patriots that will crush him to atoms.

The contest may be long and bloody, but we feel a firm conviction that the patriotism of the Spaniard will finally triumph over the perfidy of the Gaul. We think the pre-

sent removal of the royal family highly auspicious to the cause of the patriots, not only from the proof which it has afforded of the treachery and injustice of the French, and from the consequent indignation which it has diffused throughout Spain, but because the current of the popular sentiment in favour of liberty and independence, meeting with no obstructions from the jealous fears or the despotic propensities of the court, will accumulate into a mass of force that will bear down all opposition.

On this subject we are, perhaps, more sanguine than Mr. Whitbread; but our opinion is, that no despot upon earth, let his force be what it may, can finally subjugate a nation of such considerable magnitude as that of Spain, which, to a man, is resolved to resist his nefarious attempt, and to prefer death itself to the loss of liberty and independence. Such is the spirit which seems to pervade every part of the country, and which promises a result favourable not only to the independence of Spain, but to the deliverance of the world from the most tremendous despotism that ever threatened it with chains.

\* The whole undivided heart of Great Britain and Ireland, nay, of France itself, and of the world, must be with Spain. Would to God the whole undivided strength of the world could be combined at this moment against the armies of her oppressor, in Spain! Ministers had declared that no mixed interests should interfere; that all the exertion should be for Spain, and Spain alone; and I am happy to acknowledge that the part of the king's speech, which relates to Spain, bears out the professions which had been before made. It has my unqualified approbation. The policy is sound, and the expressions could not have been better chosen.

'Arms, ammunition, money, let them be poured in with a hand as liberal as can be conceived. All they ask for! and nothing they do not ask for. If an army shall hereafter be required, let no consideration of rank or favour interfere in the selection of the officer to command it. The stake is too precious to be risked in inadequate hands. The country has a high opinion of the military talents, the gallantry, and the other qualifications of the officer now in Ireland, ready to embark with a limited force. May the appointment of a general for any larger force be equally judicious, and equally acceptable to the public. Thus shall we render ourselves worthy of being the supporters of Spanish valour, and Spanish virtue. Thus shall we best add to their chance of success. Thus shall we render the most effectual service to this empire and the world. This cause is indeed the cause of justice and humanity. If it prospers,—stupendously glorious will be the victory. If it fails, their conqueror will have obtained any thing rather than honour.

but the Spaniards of this day will be recorded to the latest posterity as a people deserving of a better fate, and they will have afforded a noble example for the imitation of the inhabitants of these islands, when their battle, the last battle of the European world, shall be fought.\*

Mr. Whitbread has been basely calumniated as having 'advised the purchase of peace by the abandonment of the heroic Spaniards to their fate.'

'But God forbid!' says the honest patriot, 'A notion so detestable never entered my imagination. Perish the man who could entertain it! Perish this country, rather than its safety should be owing to a compromise so horribly iniquitous! My feelings, at the time I spoke, ran in a direction totally opposite to any thing so disgusting and abominable.'

In the present critical situation of the world, it may be difficult to determine what measure it is most wise to pursue, in order to check the wide-spreading tyranny of Bonaparte, and to rescue the enthralled nations of Europe from his ambitious grasp. With equally good intentions, with sensations of philanthropy equally ardent, and a love of liberty equally pure, different individuals will view the subject in different lights, and will propose very opposite measures as likely to produce the same result. We agree respecting the end; we differ only about the means. The end is to set limits to the increasing domination of France and to save the remaining liberty of Europe. But what are the means by which this end is to be attained? Till the recent appearances in Spain, we thought that peace with Bonaparte would be preferable to war; or in other words that peace would contribute more to the security of Britain and less to the aggrandizement of France. We saw nothing but folly and imbecility, humiliation and despondency in those courts of Europe, by whose co-operation we were wont to procure at least a diversion against the arms of our inveterate foe. From one end of Europe to another, with the solitary exception of the king of Sweden, we saw in the cabinets both of the greater and the smaller states, nothing but the menials, the tributaries, or the confederates of Bonaparte. The war appeared to us without an object, without hope of advantage, or even the most remote probability of accomplishing one desirable purpose which might justify the continuance. Under the impression that the protraction of the war was an evil, which was not counterbalanced even by a single good, that peace even if not attended with all

the usual benefits, would at least cause a cessation in the shedding of blood, and that, considered in the least favourable view, it was an experiment, which humanity as well as policy impelled us to make, we strongly urged the attempt to negotiate a peace. And as pacific overtures had, on many other occasions been made to this country by France, we thought that Great Britain should, in this instance, be the first to hold out the olive branch to France. We thought that Bonaparte himself, after so many toils, was not insensible to the desire of repose; and that even his ambition might be gratified by giving the blessing of peace to the world.

But the perfidy of his late conduct to Spain, while it has excited the accumulated indignation of every man who possesses a regard for truth, for justice, for the rights of individuals and of nations, has kindled in that country a spirit of enthusiastic resistance to the domination of France, which is likely to become epidemic in the other countries of Europe, which are at present languishing under her galling yoke. We hardly, therefore, agree with Mr. Whitbread in thinking that this is a favourable moment for commencing a negotiation with France. We fear that any pacific overtures which should at this critical juncture be made to Bonaparte by this country, would tend to infuse a distrust of our sincerity into the breasts of the Spanish patriots, to chill the ardour of their hopes, and to relax the vigour of their exertions, or to weaken them by those intestine jealousies and dissensions which must be fatal to their cause. Were we at this interesting period to make any pacific overtures to France, the wily Corsican would probably employ the interval of negotiation in cajoling us and reducing his Spanish foe. We think, therefore, that in the present moment, instead of seeking peace, both policy and humanity conspire to induce us with all our heart and with all our strength to assist the Spaniards in asserting their liberty and independence. If the ambitious career of Bonaparte be checked by the glorious efforts of the Spaniards, if his veterans and his conscripts be driven beyond the Pyrenees, a favourable reaction of sentiment may be expected in France. The hatred of all Europe towards the tyrant, which is, at present, concealed only by fear, may shew itself in a determined opposition to his will. Even those countries, whose servitude his gigantic tyranny seems irrevocably to have established, may resound with the animated cry of LIBERTY OR DEATH. We do not think that it would be for the interest of Europe that the present dynasty of France should be extirpated, but only that its means of offensive hostility to, and its domineering

insolence over the independence of other countries, should be reduced : and that the French people themselves should have a larger portion of civil liberty than they enjoy under the tyranny of Bonaparte. The success of the Spanish patriots will tend to produce these salutary effects. We shall quote Mr. Whitbread's reasons for thinking the present a favourable period for pacific propositions.

'I am not,' says the frank and eloquent senator, 'afraid to say, that the present is a moment in which I think negotiation might be proposed to the emperor of the French by Great Britain with the certainty of this great advantage, that if the negotiation should be refused, we should be at least sure of being *right* in the eyes of God and man. An advantage which, in my opinion, we have never yet possessed, from the commencement of the contest to the present hour ; and the value of which is far beyond all calculation.

'If the emancipation of Spain, the enthronement of Ferdinand VII. and the amelioration of the government of that country, through the means of the legitimate organ of their Cortes, or any other of their own choosing, could be effected without bloodshed, is there a man existing who would not prefer the accomplishment of these objects by the means of negotiation, rather than by the sword ? If Mr. Fox were happily alive, and had power commensurate with his ability, I see a bare possibility that his genius might turn this crisis to such great account. Nothing should be done but in concert with the Spaniards ; and the complete evacuation of Spain by the French armies, the abstinence from all interference in her internal arrangements, the freedom of the royal family, might be the conditions of the negotiation. There is no humiliation in such a proposal. What a grateful opportunity would at the same time present itself of making a voluntary proffer of restitutions, which, when demanded, it might, perhaps, be difficult to accede to ! What a moment to attempt the salvation of Sweden, and the re-establishment of the tranquillity of the North !

'All this I had in contemplation at the time I said I should not think it improper now to offer a negotiation for peace. I should be desirous of conveying these terms to the court at Bayonne, and of proclaiming them to the world. If they should be accepted, is there a statesman who could doubt of their propriety, of their justice, of their honour ? If rejected, is there a free spirit in the universe that would not join in applauding the justice and moderation of Great Britain, in condemning the violence, the injustice, and ambition of the Emperor of the French.

'These are my views, and I am desirous they should be known. I may be deemed romantic for entertaining them. But I trust that those who may treat me as chimerical or absurd, will not be betrayed into an opposite and more dangerous extreme : That in contemplating the success of Spain, they will not be carried back to old



visionary schemes, which have been so often tried, and have so often failed; and a renewal of which, under any circumstances, would prove abortive, and could only cement more strongly the power of France, and again deluge the continent with blood.

Mr. Whitbread thinks that we should first attempt by negotiation the end which we propose by the prosecution of hostilities; the emancipation of Spain, and eventually of Europe from the power of France. If, indeed, we were to attempt to treat with France before we sent succours to the Spaniards, the conditions which Mr. W. suggests, would be such as are most consistent with the honour and the probability of the country; but considering the perfidy and the temper of the emperor of the French, we think that *any present attempt* to negotiate would be injurious to the interests both of Britain and of Spain. When the Spanish patriots have driven the French troops beyond the Pyrenees, and Bonaparte is alarmed by the menacing aspect of the east and of the north,—a most favourable juncture will arrive for negotiating a peace, which may humble the pride of France, and preserve the independence of Europe.

ART. XVI.—*An Inquiry into the Changes induced on Atmospheric Air by the Germination of Seeds, the Vegetation of Plants, and the Respiration of Animals.* By Daniel Ellis. 8vo. Murray, 1807.

THE quantity of original experiment contained in this Inquiry is not considerable; but the collection of facts is extensive; and proves the author to have been industrious in his researches, whilst his reasonings bespeak no common share of talents for philosophical investigations. The result of these inquiries lead to the establishment of the uniformity of the operations of nature in the processes which seem of the most immediate necessity in the conservation of the vital principle in all organised and living beings. The rudest observations must have taught mankind the necessity of the perpetual application of air to the animal organs for the support of life. More attentive and curious remark has shown that the vegetable world is equally indebted to the atmosphere for the qualities which distinguish it from lifeless and unorganised matter. Though vegetables preserve their external form and physical properties longer under the deprivation of atmospheric air than the greater number of ani-

imals, still they inevitably perish, if the deprivation be continued long enough. Nor is there a single moment of its existence (if we exclude the very first period at which the seed begins to germinate,) in which the presence of atmospheric air is not equally and essentially necessary.

The more accurately these phenomena have been observed the more uniform do they appear in all the orders of living beings; wherefore, a connected view of these processes in the different orders, beginning with those whose structure is most simple, (or what appears so to us) and rising to the most complicated cannot but be interesting to the physiological inquirer. To present this view is the object of Mr. Ellis's work; and at the same time he has laboured much to improve the theory, which is still imperfect, owing probably to the want of sufficient data, notwithstanding so many inquirers have engaged in this field of investigation.

The first chapter of this Inquiry treats of the *Germination of Seeds*; and it would seem from the simplicity of experiments requisite to elucidate the subject, that it would be no difficult matter to arrive at precise and accurate results. Still there are points which are by no means perfectly ascertained. What is certain may be comprised in a few words, for the beginning of germination water and a proper temperature are only necessary. For its continuance the presence of oxygen is essential, and accordingly the oxygenous portion of the atmosphere is at length entirely destroyed by the process of germination; in its place carbonic acid is found, and the nitrogenous portion of the air seems quite unaffected. Such are nearly all the facts which have been thoroughly established, whilst there are many others, on which the opinions of philosophers have been greatly divided. Is the oxygen absorbed by the seed? Is the whole of it employed in the formation of carbonic acid? By what process (if the carbonic acid is formed exterior to the seed,) is carbon acidified in so low a temperature? Mr. Ellis both on the subject of the germination of seeds, and also in the vegetation of plants, and respiration, adopts the hypothesis that there is no absorption of oxygen either by the seed, by the plant, or by the animal; but that universally carbon is emitted as a species of excretion, and that the oxygen combines with it exterior to seed, plant, or animal. If this be true, the whole of the oxygen is of course expended in the formation of carbonic acid.

He observes that

' To suppose this oxygen gas to be taken up by the seed by the

operation of chemical affinity, necessarily implies its previous separation from the nitrogen gas with which it was united ; but how could this be done unless the seed presented something to the air, which had a stronger affinity to its oxygen than the nitrogenous portion has? And what could it offer but moisture and carbon? Moisture however does not decompose air; and if carbon be the agent must not carbonic acid be at once formed? And if this acid be thus formed, exterior to the seed, and out of the oxygen gas in contact with it, how can we hold that gas to be first singly taken in by the seed, and expelled afterwards in the form of carbonic acid? To say that the air is attracted in its undecomposed state, necessarily requires proof of the existence of certain cavities in the seed where it can be retained: for as the nitrogen gas neither suffers nor produces change, it must be completely expelled after the oxygen is abstracted from it. Lastly M. de Saussure has endeavoured to show that the carbonic acid formed in germination contains in it precisely the quantity of oxygen gas that has disappeared: and although, from the difference of opinion which prevails concerning the actual proportions of the elements which constitute this substance this cannot be positively assumed, yet the near proportions which, in our own experiments, as well as in those of Saussure and Cruickshank, the two gases bear to each other at the beginning and end of the process, renders it extremely probable. If this opinion be well founded, no part of the oxygen can be retained by the seed, and we may conclude, therefore, with M. de Saussure, that none of it is either attracted or absorbed.

It is obvious that much of this reasoning is founded more upon the *argumentum ad ignorantiam* than any direct proof of the system Mr. E. wishes to establish: this too is the sort of argument which may be retorted by an adversary with equal force. It may in return be very properly asked, how can carbon unite with oxygen in the common temperature of the atmosphere? Experiment seems to be in direct contradiction to the possibility of such an union. If nothing is necessary but the excretion of carbon; if the oxygen is neither absorbed, nor even in its proper form comes in contact with the secreting membrane, what is the office that it performs? To convert, it will be said, the carbon into an acid. But this being done out of the body, why should death immediately ensue from its suspension, though but for two or three minutes? If therefore this hypothesis is really correct, and it shall be proved that the carbonic acid is really formed exterior to the organized substance, from which it seems to be emitted, we think it most probably the effect of some double decomposition, the elements of which have not hitherto been thoroughly ascertained. Besides, it is allowed that carbonic acid is emitted from the seed when there is not

a particle of oxygen present, but when the seed is confined entirely in nitrogen or in hydrogen gas. We think it not a sufficient answer to say, that in this case germination is wholly at a stand, and the carbonic acid arises from a decomposition of the substance of the seed. We know that a similar and partial decomposition is not perpetually going on during the progress of germination; and doubt not that in all animal bodies, likewise, a part of their substance is undergoing an analogous decomposition, which it may be improper to term putrefaction, but which probably in many points resembles the first stage of it. We have noticed this point more particularly now, that we may be spared the necessity of recurring to it in our review of the remaining parts of the work, since Mr. Ellis has transferred the same chain of argument which he uses on the subject of germination to vegetation and respiration. We must confess that he has supported his hypothesis with considerable ingenuity; but we are not satisfied that he has determined the question, and wish that he had been more anxious to increase our stock of facts than to accommodate those we already possess to a preconceived and doubtful hypothesis.

The second chapter of the work treats of *the changes induced on the air by the vegetation of plants*. After distinctly recounting the agency of moisture, heat, and light, he is naturally led to advert to a theory of Dr. Priestly, which has been very generally adopted, though even at its first proposal the evidence in favour of it was very defective. But the supposed beauty of the final cause which it seemed to disclose, has induced both chemists and physiologists to examine very superficially the facts upon which this opinion has been maintained. The theory we allude to is that which attributes a melioration of the atmosphere to the growth of vegetables; so that it was concluded that the process of vegetation was in its consequences directly the reverse of respiration and combustion. This opinion, it must be remembered, in behalf of a man of deserved eminence, and who we believe, though often mistaken, never wilfully supported a falsehood on any subject whatever, was adopted before its author had discovered any correct means of analyzing the air; and subsequent facts, though they did not seem strong enough to require him formally to retract his opinion, yet obviously shook his confidence in his former conclusions, and his mind seems finally to have remained in a state of uncertainty on the point. The experiments of the accurate and sagacious Scheele were uniformly in contradiction to Dr. Priestly's inferences; and finally, Mr.

Ellis has in this chapter of his work, so fully disproved them, that we doubt not that the question may be considered as finally put to rest. Dr. Ingenhouz and Mr. Gough have shewn that vegetables, like animals, do not grow in pure nitrogen gas; but if either atmospheric air or oxygen gas have access to the leaves, they vegetate freely; oxygen gas is therefore necessary to vegetation. Dr. Woodhouse shewed that carbonic acid is produced in the process of vegetation. Mr. Ellis has confirmed those experiments; he has found the oxygen of the air to disappear, carbonic acid to be formed; and by contriving to make the vegetables grow without the aid of mould (as mustard seed will upon moistened flannel) he has proved that the acid is formed by the vegetable itself in contact with oxygen gas. If the plants be kept confined in a portion of common air long enough, every particle of oxygen disappears, after which the plants decay, and when withdrawn yield a putrid smell. In vegetation, as in germination, the nitrogen gas of the air seems to be wholly inert.

Another idea, which seems equally unfounded, is that carbonic acid is taken up by the vegetable, which has been supposed to retain its carbon, and to emit its oxygen. The experiments of Mr. Ellis completely refute this notion, which involves the strange incongruity of supposing the same substance to be at once both a species of food and excrement. Saussure, indeed, has been said to have destroyed the vegetation of plants by inclosing a quantity of lime in the vessels in which they were confined. But granting the correctness of the experiment, it by no means follows that the effect is produced by the absence of carbonic acid. Lime absorbs water with much greediness; and Mr. Ellis supposes with much probability that to the abstraction of moisture is owing the destructive effect upon the plant, and he has confirmed this explication by some direct experiments properly adapted to that end. It must undoubtedly be allowed that a solution of carbonic acid in water is decomposed by solar light acting on the leaves of vegetables; but the experiments of Count Rumford have proved that the organized structure of the leaf is not essential to the separation of oxygen in this experiment: dried leaves, fibres of raw silk, and even glass serves as well. But were it even otherwise, Mr. Ellis well observes, that the circumstances are so different from those of natural vegetation, that they cannot be received as proofs of the same actions.

The changes produced in air by animal respiration are treated of in two chapters; one appropriated to the respi-



ration of insects, worms, fishes, and amphibious animals; the second to the respiration of birds, of quadrupeds, and of man. We have so recently noticed the experiments of Spallanzani on the subject of the respiration of insects, &c. whom indeed Mr. Ellis principally follows, that we need say no more than that in most of the main facts he agrees with the Italian philosopher. We ourselves ventured to suggest that some errors had found their way in the experiments from which Spallanzani concluded that snails consume a small portion of the nitrogenous portion of the air. Mr. Ellis has more minutely criticized these experiments; and has shown that the results of different trials are so discordant that little dependance can be placed upon them. If to this we oppose the contradictory and apparently decisive experiments of Vauquelin, there will be little hazard in believing that nature is uniform, and that insects in general like other animals leave the nitrogen of the air they breathe unaltered.

Many have been the attempts to estimate the quantity of air taken into the lungs by a single natural inspiration; and the various and inconsistent conclusions of different experimentalists shows the extreme difficulty of arriving at certainty, though the natural obstacles seem to be far from insurmountable. The lowest estimate makes the quantity about 12 cubic inches; the highest raises it to 40. The weight of numbers favours the latter computation. The mode of conducting the experiment adopted by Dr. Menzies is deemed by Mr. Ellis to be the most unexceptionable; who likewise makes it amount nearly to forty inches. Mr. Ellis has taken much pains to collect and compose the statements of different writers on the principal facts regarding human respiration. He concludes on the whole that the greatest diminution of the capacity of the chest will bear to its greatest expansion the proportion of 41 to 241 nearly. If the same quantity of air be repeatedly respired it loses more and more of its bulk; and it would seem that the diminution proceeds in higher ratio, the longer it has been respired. Mr. Davy attributes this to a 'rapid absorption of the elastic fluid through the moist coats of the pulmonary veins.'

'It happens rather unfortunately for this opinion,' observes Mr. Ellis, 'that in the natural respiration of atmospheric air, a very small difference exists between the inspired and expired volumes, though the powers of absorption, if such there be, must then be acting in their greatest vigour; whilst under an almost total exhaustion of muscular and vital power, this absorption is considered to take place in an extraordinary degree.'

But this is far from satisfactory : for undoubtedly if such an absorption takes place it must be reckoned a consequence of a pure chemical process, as much as the union of oxygen with carbon, according to Mr. Ellis's own hypothesis ; and when the vital powers are in themselves perfect, there may be, and probably are, convulsive motions performed with more than natural force, the efforts of nature to make every possible advantage of the unnatural situation in which the animal is placed. For our own parts we can see neither difficulty nor incongruity in supposing aerial substances to be absorbed by the animal fluids ; and if further experiments should prove this not to be the case with regard to the oxygen inspired into the lungs, we should believe this to be more a mechanical effect than to proceed from a complete inaptitude to chemical union. Perhaps a thin layer of carbonic acid perpetually secreted from, or formed upon the surface of the lungs may prevent the oxygen from coming within the sphere of chemical action.

It must be conceded to Mr. Ellis that he has rendered it very probable that in the act of respiration the quantity of oxygen which disappears and that of carbonic acid which is produced are proportionate to each other. This however is far from proving the direct conversion of the one into the other. If a quantity of acid were poured upon marble, the proportion between the acid which disappears and the carbonic acid produced would be also constant. And though oxygen enters so largely into the composition of the carbonic acid, yet the union with carbon may so totally alter its properties, as indeed is the truth in common chemical experiments, that these substances may be deemed separate elements, acting upon any third substance with different degrees of affinity. Whether the whole of the oxygen which disappears is exactly equal to that which enters into the composition of the acid, is a point of the first consequence to determine, and which indeed would go very far towards settling the question. But on this head Mr. Ellis candidly acknowledges, that it has not hitherto been determined how much is the diminution of the bulk of the air by the act of respiration.

'Amid such contradictory results,' he observes, 'it is not to be expected that a conclusion can be drawn which shall truly express the amount of the diminution in question : and indeed, from a consideration of the powers which govern respiration, and the various circumstances which sensibly affect that process, we cannot but consider the actual loss of bulk which the air suffers by a single

respiration, as in its nature extremely difficult, if not impossible to determine.

This is too strong perhaps; but till this is determined, all contention on the subject is but a fruitless war of words.

The fifth chapter treats of *the source of the carbon* which enters into the composition of the acid discovered after germination, &c. That it is furnished by the vegetable or animal body perhaps hardly required the formality of a proof. But Mr. Ellis has enriched this chapter by introducing the valuable experiment of M. Huber. This philosopher has observed that both nitrogen and hydrogen gas attract a carbonated matter, (carbon, says Mr. Ellis, but this is difficult of proof) from germinating seeds; which is converted into carbonic acid by oxygen, even in the temperature of the atmosphere. This valuable fact may perhaps afford a clue to unravel the mystery, in which these processes of nature are at present involved. But till common charcoal in its acknowledged form can be rendered soluble either in the natural gases or in water, to assume these compounds to be mere solutions of carbon is, we think, perfectly gratuitous.

In the course of the inquiry into the source of the carbon emitted from organised bodies, Mr. E. takes occasion to examine the different authorities for and against the excretion of air from the surface of the human body. Many eminent physiologists have thought, that carbonic acid exhaled from this surface, and that the purity of the air contiguous to it was diminished. He concludes on the whole that there is no aeriform perspiration; and that the facts which have been adduced in support of this hypothesis are fallacious. This is a conclusion which we do not feel inclined to controvert.

Mr. Ellis attributes to the exhalent vessels of the lungs the power of omitting the carbon, which is changed into carbonic acid. This is a very useless speculation, since according to his own concessions, no organised structure is necessary to the formation of the acid. A clot of blood, scum, or even the shell of the egg is found quite adequate to produce this effect, when in contact with atmospheric air.

Mr. Ellis concludes his Inquiry with considerations on *the phenomena which arise from the changes induced on the air by the living functions of vegetables and animals*. The heat which is produced, and which in various degrees is common to all organized and living beings, is the most important of these. Heat is evolved by germination, by vegetation,

and by the respiration of animals. Mr. Ellis attributes the evolution of heat to the great specific heat of oxygen gas, and the consequent extrication of it, by its change into carbonic acid. He adopts then without modification the ingenious theory of Dr. Crauford. But we meet with no facts with which those who have paid attention to the obscure and intricate subject are not already familiar. Perhaps we ought from this to except the experiments of M. Huber concerning the heat given out by the *spadices* of the *arum corifolium* during the process of fecundation. This plant grows in Madagascar and the Isle of France. By tying five of these *spadices* round the bulb of a thermometer the mercury was raised near 60° (if there be no error in the numbers) above that in another, which was used as a standard of comparison. When twelve flowers were used, the heat was still by several degrees greater. This power of producing heat is much greater in the male part of the *spadices* than in the female. It appears that this singular property is confined to the exterior surfaces of the *spadices*, for the pith, when the exterior surface has been removed does not raise the thermometer; and the exterior surfaces, under this treatment, still retain their power. It is absolutely necessary to this production of heat, that the atmosphere should be in contact with the surface; and the air is greatly deteriorated by the process. There certainly appears then to be a strong analogy to animal respiration in a process carried on by vegetable organs. We wish Mr. Ellis had taken the trouble to reduce his thermometrical degrees to Fahrenheit's scale. We find different scales used in two successive pages; without the smallest advertisement to the reader on the subject.

We think Mr. Ellis has occasionally indulged too much in jejune and hypothetical reasonings; insomuch that we have found it sometimes irksome to follow him. But the philosophical inquirer will feel obliged to him for having brought together such a mass of valuable information on a most important subject of research; and if he has destroyed the delusion of some false but pleasing theories he has replaced it by demonstrating the universal harmony which exists among all organized and animated beings, and the admirable simplicity of nature in producing the most complicated and stupendous results.

## MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

## RELIGION.

ART. 17.—*A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of St. Paul, Bedford, before the Rev. Dr. Shepherd, Archdeacon, at the annual Visitation of the Clergy, held on Thursday, the 12th of May, 1808. By the Rev. Joshua Morton, Vicar of Risely, in the County of Bedford, and Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. 4to. Rivington. 1808.*

THE very uncharitable, very injudicious, and, as we think, illegal sentence which has lately been passed on Mr. Stone, by a prelate, who, at a public visitation some years ago, recommended his clergy to study the writings of a male and a female methodist, *videlicet*, Mr. William Wilberforce, and Miss or Mrs. Hannah More, seems to have operated on many timid or interested members in the establishment, a more than usual propensity to forsake the light of reason, of learning, and of criticism; and to run open-mouthed after favour and preferment in the labyrinth of mystery. *Original sin, Trinity, and Atonement*, are the favourite terms, the hocus pocus of methodism, which he who can *bray* out from the pulpit with the least meaning and the most sound, is sure to be heard with most attention, and to be cried up to the skies as an *orthodox divine*; that is, a divine without three clear ideas in his head; but with a countless stock of intolerance in his heart. What is commonly called orthodoxy, is nothing but a compound of words, without sense, but which are strung together with metaphoric ribbands, till the gew-gaw pleases the eye of ignorance, and the deluded multitude, who mistake appearance for reality, show for substance, and sound for sense, turn up their eyes and 'wonder with a stupid look of praise.' This kind of orthodoxy, though it may make fools stare, and hypocrites whine, will excite the indignation of the wise, and the sorrow of the good. For true religion is a plain thing, which a plain man may understand. It has no mysteries, no obscurity, no perplexing doctrines, no indefinite phraseology. It is the gift of the Father of lights; and it is indeed in the truths which it teaches, and the precepts which it inculcates as clear to the mind and conscience of man, as the lustre of the sun is to his corporeal sight. But, says Mr. Morton—'Can the fact that God was manifested in the *flesh* to redeem mankind, be objected to because it is mysterious? The mystery is with God, the blessing is ours. Shall not he who *caters* for the sparrow, be allowed to pursue his own methods when he *stoops* to save a world?' Without



staying to remark on the confused reasoning, unmeaning rant, and vitiated taste which are evident in this and other parts of Mr. Mor-  
 ton's sermon, we beg leave to tell him that there is something to-  
 tally irreconcilable in the ideas of a *revelation* and a *mystery*.  
 The word mystery, which comes from the Greek *μυσ, claudio*,  
 means something secret or concealed. But how can we call that  
 a *revelation*, which is in fact *unrevealed*? That is a mystery which  
 is unrevealed, but that, which is revealed, is no longer a mystery.  
 The doctrine of the spiritual kingdom of the Messiah was a *mys-  
 tery* to the apostles till he *revealed* or made it known to them.  
 The doctrine of the admission of the Gentiles, and the rejection  
 of the Jews were mysteries, or secrets only till they were revealed;  
 the resurrection of the dead itself could no longer be considered  
 as a mystery after it had been demonstrated by a palpable exempli-  
 fication of the truth. Mysteries are the characteristic of a false reli-  
 gion, but they are never incorporated in the substance of a true. Thus  
 the Greeks and the Egyptians had their mysteries which were not  
 communicated to vulgar eyes. But christianity, which is a simple  
 doctrine, and intended as a rule of life for the ignorant rather than  
 a matter of speculation for the curious, rejects the arts of impos-  
 ture and the aid of mystery. The tricks of jugglers have not been  
 interwoven with the communications of the Deity. The substance  
 of christianity may be condensed into a few simple propositions, the  
 practical influence of which will be found to extend through all the  
 diversified relations of human life: There is one God, the maker of  
 heaven and earth, the friend and the father of mankind. Jesus Christ  
 is the beloved son of God, his messenger of truth, of love, of solace,  
 and of hope to man. The goodness of God which was exemplified  
 in the life of Christ, was designed as the pattern of human imitation.  
 To do to others as we would that others should do to us, is the sub-  
 stance of Christian morals; the evidence of faith and the essence  
 of charity. The being of man is not terminated by death; but is  
 to be continued in a state of perfect retribution, in which every in-  
 dividual will receive according to the good or the evil which he has  
 done in this probationary life. This is an abstract of the Christian  
 doctrine, in which there is nothing mysterious nor concealed, no  
 cause of bitterness nor matter of dispute. These few plain points  
 are *all the articles* which can be requisite for any *national church*;  
 and a church founded on these few articles, would be established  
 on a rock. Every rational man, every lover of virtue would hasten  
 into her sanctuary, and offer to the Father of Spirits that incense  
 of piety, of supplication and of praise which streams from a peni-  
 tent, from a humble, from a benevolent, and a grateful heart.—Our  
 bosoms expand with delight when we contemplate the blessed fruits  
 of peace and righteousness which would be the certain effect of a sys-  
 tem of worship founded on this broad basis of reason, of scripture, and  
 of charity.—When will our statesmen perceive what are the true and  
 real uses of an established church? And when will our divines, our

bishops, priests, and deacons, learn that to inculcate what is mysterious is to deform the beauty, to spoil the usefulness, and to outrage the spirit of christianity !!!

ART. 18.—*A Confutation of Atheism, from the Laws and Constitution of the Heavenly Bodies: in four Discourses, preached before the University of Cambridge, with an Introduction, Notes, and an Appendix. By the Rev. S. Vince, A.M. F.R.S. Plumian Professor of Astronomy and experimental Philosophy. 8vo. Cambridge, Deighton. London, Lunn. 1807.*

GOD himself has written the confutation of atheism, not only in the whole but in every part of his works. Not only the heavens, the sun, the moon, and the stars declare the being of a God, but that being is evident from the smallest particle of organized matter that occupies the air, the earth, or the ocean. We believe, as we have often said, that the number of atheists is very small; and that a *real* not an affected disbeliever in the existence of a God is one of the rarest phenomena in the world. We are convinced not only that the recurrence is prevented by the cogency of proof in the infinite display of wisdom and power, which surrounds us on every side, but that the belief in a God is one of the sensations which marks the dawn of intellectual man. The necessity of a first cause almost irresistibly forces itself on the minds of children; they enquire who made this, or that? they proceed from one link of causation to another; till the mind almost instinctively fixes on some *uncaused* and prime mover of the whole scheme of things. Hence they acquire among the first rudiments of reason a sort of palpable intuition of the Deity. Among those convictions which we can trace back to the earliest period of our lives, where recollection seems to begin, is that of a first cause, or an uncaused creator of all that we behold. These discourses of Mr. Vince are the production of a mind which exhibits strong reasoning powers. We have perused them with no common satisfaction, and there is no part but what has our unfeigned approbation. A belief in the existence of a Deity is sometimes accompanied with a disbelief in some of his most amiable attributes. The philosopher, therefore, who endeavours to establish the conviction of his wisdom and power will take care to incorporate this proof with that of his benevolence. This has not been entirely neglected by the author of the present performance. We heartily subscribe to the probability of the following supposition. 'The disappearance of some stars may be the destruction of those systems at the times appointed by the Deity, when the corruptible must put on incorruption, and the mortal must put on immortality; and the appearance of new stars may be the formation of new systems, for new races of beings, then called into existence, to adore the works of their creator. Thus may we conceive the Deity to have been employed from all eternity, and thus continue to be employed

for endless ages, forming new systems of beings to adore him, and transplanting the upright into the regions of bliss, where they may have better opportunities of meditating on his works; and rising in their enjoyments, go on to contemplate system after system through the boundless universe.'

### POLITICS.

**ART. 19.**—*The Economists refuted; or, an Inquiry into the Nature and Extent of the Advantages derived from Trade; with Observations on the Expediency of making Peace with France, and an Appendix, discussing the Policy of prohibiting Corn in the Distilleries.* By R. Torrens, Esq. 8vo. Oddy. 1808.

THIS is the production of a candid, penetrating, and reflecting mind. The reasoning is close, perspicuous, and acute. It furnishes in conjunction with the excellent pamphlet of Mr. Mill which we reviewed in a former number, a very able and satisfactory refutation of the theory which has lately been maintained by Messrs. Spence, Cobbett, and other persons who have advocated the maxims of the economists. Messrs. Spence and Cobbett say that trade is merely an exchange of commodities, and consequently makes no addition to the wealth of a country; but do not the facilities of exchange which trade supplies constitute the motive to the multiplication of articles of utility, convenience and enjoyment? Do they not consequently contribute to the increase of wealth? Without home trade, no individual would produce more of any article than was requisite for his own immediate necessities. Without foreign trade no individual would produce more of any commodity than was requisite for the home supply. Both the home and the foreign trade, therefore, unite in supplying motives to production, in stimulating the vigorous activity of industry, and consequently in increasing the stock of national wealth: but the home trade does this in a much greater degree than the foreign; because in the former the advantages are all confined to the same country, and in the foreign they are shared with another country.

The productive powers of labour are increased by the division of labour; but the division of labour, as we may see in almost every street in the metropolis, will always keep pace with the increase of trade or the additional facility of exchange. In the ruder states of society the whole of any manufacture must be conducted by one individual, but as trade increases and the facilities of exchange multiply, the labour which was confined to one is divided among many. The quality of the manufacture is thus greatly improved by the superior skill which is displayed in the particular parts; and the power of producing it, and consequently the quantity of the product, are considerably increased. Thus a proportionate addi-

tion is made to the stock of public wealth, as far as by that wealth we mean the whole collective mass of disposable articles of use, convenience or enjoyment. The increased facilities of exchange will always increase the division of labour; for according to the common operative principles of human nature every man is anxious to make the most of his industry, or to make his labour contribute most to his advantage. But he will always labour to most advantage whose active powers are confined to one species of productive exertion, in which habit will add, in an almost incalculable degree, to his capacity and skill.—If all the parts of a watch or even a pin were made by the same individual no small portion of life would be spent in the production; but when owing to the division of labour, the different parts are constructed by different individuals, each requires so much facility in his particular department that the actual labour is abridged by the division, and the fabrication of watches is accelerated in a degree which it would be otherwise impossible to attain. The same thing may be said of every species of labour whether it relate to manufactures or agriculture. The division of labour, the farther it can be carried, the more it tends to increase the capacity, the skill, and the produce of the labourer, and to add to the stock of individual and national wealth. But the celebrated truism in political economy that *the demand regulates the supply*, is not more philosophically correct nor more demonstrably certain than this, that *the division of labour is proportioned to the facilities of exchange*, or, in other words to the degree of trade whether foreign or domestic. It appears to our minds, therefore, as clear as the proposition that two added to three make five, that trade does make not only a seeming but an *actual addition* to the stock of national wealth. We are at the same time convinced that agriculture itself which the economists deem the only basis of wealth, never can flourish in near so great degree, when commerce is despised, as where it is, as it fortunately is in Great Britain, cherished with affection and prosecuted even with enthusiasm. To those among our readers who have been deluded by the sophistry of Messrs. Spence and Cobbett we heartily recommend the powerful corrective which they will find in the present admirable production of Mr. Torrens.

**ART. 20.**—*A Letter to W. A. Miles, Esq., containing some Observations on a Letter addressed by him to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. By Philopolites. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Rivington.*

MR. Miles's letter to the prince of Wales has not yet come under our inspection, so that we are not prepared to say whether the animadversions of the present writer on that publication be accurate and impartial, or, the contrary. In some opinions we agree, in others we differ from Philopolites; but we feel no wish and see no reason to call in question his manly declaration, that he is 'attached to no party; patronized by no person in place or in power,

in expectation of neither commendation nor reward,' and 'that his pen has ever conveyed to the public eye the real and unbiassed sentiments and opinions of his heart.'

### POETRY.

ART. 21.—*Richmond Hill, a descriptive and historical Poem, illustrative of the principal Objects, viewed from that beautiful Eminence. Decorated with Engravings. By the Author of Indian Antiquities.* Millar. 1807,

MR. Maurice has ploughed in the newly cultivated field of oriental literature with considerable diligence and success, and earned a reputation with which he had better have remained content. But no: Optat ephippia bos. This is not the first time he has displayed a passion for the turf of Helicon, and he has here entered his Pegasus for a sweepstakes against the steeds of Denham, Pope, Thomson, Collins and Gray. We apprehend no danger of his running out of the course; he certainly will not come in neck and neck, nay it will be lucky for him if the Parnassian jockey-club decide that he has saved his distance. His gait is shewy, and his pace tolerably even; but we find few symptoms of the true bred poetical racer. The concluding lines will give a just idea of Mr. Maurice's style:

' Rise dove-eyed Peace, and on thy halcyon wings  
Waft the rich odours of a thousand springs;  
While every gale that round the compass blows  
The treasures of a grateful world bestows.  
Or if, for glorious ends, to all unknown,  
Save Him, who sits on Heav'n's eternal throne,  
Whose herald angels o'er the storm preside,  
And on the whirlwind's light'ning pinions ride,  
War still *must* rage, and o'er this darken'd sphere  
Gaul's ruthless tyrant urge his dire career,  
May the bright cherubim in flames array'd  
Descend in glory with that two-edged blade,  
Which darting every way its dazzling beam  
Illumin'd Eden with its fiery stream,  
And hovering round Britannia's guarded shore,  
The bright effulgence of its glory pour,  
Her valiant offspring cherish'd by the rays,  
Her foes consum'd by the devouring blaze.'

ART. 22.—*Northernhay, a Poem: addressed to Solitude; with an introductory Sonnet. By James Kemp.* 4to. 1s. 6d. Taylor.

THIS poem, if such it may be called, consists of one hundred and four verses which are printed on paper of a very excellent fabric.



We heartily wish that we could say as much for the manufacture of the verse ; but we should be doing an injustice to Mr. Kemp as well as to ourselves if we were to bestow praise where no praise is due.

ART. 23.—*The Turtle-dove, a Tale. By a Gentleman ; with five Engravings, from the elegant Designs of Casp. Delap. 1s. 6d. Baldwin. 1808.*

THIS turtle appears to have been an experimentalist in matrimony. He first marries a skylark, who mounts to the skies while he in vain attempts to emulate her flight. This lady gets caught in a snare ; after which he chuses for his conjugal associate a waddling quail, but he finds her to be a modish lady who regards not the unity of love. He next affiances himself to a jay, who turns out a grievous scold, and rails and torments him till he is reduced to skin and bone. As soon as an opportunity occurs he flies from this miserable *help-mate*, and resolves to live in solitude till he meets with a female dove of the same genus, species, and disposition, with whom of course he enjoys a full measure of felicity.

ART. 24.—*English Translations in Poetry and Prose, from the Greek Poets and Prose Authors ; consisting of a chronological Series of the most valuable, scarce, and faithful Translations extant, and several never before published, on Morals, History, Chronology, Geography, Drama, Biography, Natural History, Poetry, Tactics, Pleadings, Dialogues, Epistles, Oratory, Composition, and the liberal Arts and Sciences in general ; with selected and new Notes, entirely English, Corrections, Prefaces, Lives, Maps and Heads, from ancient Statues, Busts, Gems, Medals and Paintings, chronological, and mythological Tables, &c. By Francis Lee, A. M. Member of the Asiatic Society, &c. Volume I. Part 1st. 8vo. Miller. 1808.*

MR. Lee informs us that it is his intention to publish a complete series of English translations of the Greek writers, including poets, orators, historians, critics, &c. which he proposes to comprise in 27 volumes, large 8vo. printed in double columns with a selection of such notes only as are necessary for the elucidation of the text. 'In this publication,' says Mr. Lee, 'general knowledge is sought to be communicated through the medium of our own tongue, freed from the dead languages and united with conciseness.' 'The English style,' says Mr. Lee, in another place, 'is corrected in various places ; obsolete terms, spellings, idioms, and inequalities of verses are adjusted, but with as sparing a hand as possible. Lives and prefaces that were wanting, are given by the editor.' On the whole we approve Mr. Lee's plan, and think that it will be very acceptable to the lovers of literature in general ; but we must suggest to him the propriety of affixing some characteristic mark to his own corrections, improvements, or addi-

tions whether in the text or in the notes. Mr. Lee says that the introduction of such marks would '*disfigure the pages*;' but this is a trivial consideration, compared with the importance of that literary honesty which gives to every man his own. Let praise or censure be awarded to Mr. Lee according to his desert; but let him not seek to obtain praise where it is not his due, nor to avoid censure where it is. We are decided enemies to every thing that wears the appearance of literary imposition. In the notes Mr. L. should mark the initials of the persons from whom they are taken; and where he himself makes any alterations or corrections in the original translation, it behoves him as an act of common justice to the author and to the public not to do it without acknowledgment. There are many passages in Pope's translation of Homer which *might* be corrected and improved, but we do not feel willing that this adventurous task should be attempted by Mr. Lee at all; but if he do make the bold attempt, the altered passages should be carefully distinguished by inverted commas or other marks. The present part contains the works of Hesiod, but Mr. Lee has not even informed the reader by whom the translation was made, except in a small note under the life of the poet, in which we are told that the translation by Thomas Cook is *adopted*, with corrections throughout every page. But none of these *corrections* are noticed in the text.

ART. 25.—*Emancipation; or Peter, Martin, and the 'Squire, a Tale in Rhyme. To which is added a short Account of the present State of the Irish Catholics.* 8vo. Oddy.

THE prose in this work is better than the poetry. The verse is Hudibrastic, but it wants the dry humour and happy combinations of Hudibras. The patriotic spirit and excellent intentions of the author will however atone for many defects in the execution of the piece.

#### NOVELS.

ART. 26.—*The Man of Sorrow. A Novel. In three Volumes. By Alfred Allendale, Esq.* 12mo. Tipper. 1808.

WE are not so rigid as to require a *moral* to every fable which is written with a view only to amusement; but are perfectly satisfied if there is nothing *immoral* in its tendency. It is not possible, however, to say quite so much with respect to the volumes before us. To represent a man, without any fault of his own, as pursued from his cradle to his grave with every species of calamity by a blind overruling fate, and not only suffering himself, but involving the innocent, the beautiful, and the virtuous, in short all who have connexions with him or interest in his welfare, in the same vortex of misfortune and misery, is not only to defeat the first and most worthy object

of inventive narration, but to inculcate false and improper impressions of the general course of human affairs, and of the designs of Providence.

We object to the plan of this novel on another ground also. The art of framing a long chain of causes and effects so as to produce a continued interest, curiosity, and suspense, in his hearers, is the quality most essential for a writer of romance to possess. But here, scarcely a single event that is recorded, depends upon any preceding or following event. Every thing is mere accident: the neglect to fill up a policy of insurance, the loss of a lottery-ticket, the mistake of a great-coat, the unintentional touching of a hair-triggered pistol. We are, moreover, fully prepared for all that is to happen, for being repeatedly warned that poor Musgrave is *fated* for a Man of Sorrow, we know that every apparent good will turn out to be an evil, and every projected scheme of happiness be blasted by the overturning of a coach, a flash of lightning, or some other occurrence equally sudden, natural, and not to be prevented.

Mr. Alfred Allendale is a very young man (we imagine,) and in this book, which he dedicates 'To the prettiest girl in England,' makes rather too free a display of his amorous propensities. He has written with a rapidity which is sometimes at variance with good grammar, and very often with good sense. His style is very lively, but not free from puerile conceit and affectation, he fancies himself excessively witty, and (like Mr. Edward Bearskin in the *Mirror*) laughs very heartily at his own jokes. Now and then, (we will not deny the fact) he jests pretty well; but he is immoderately addicted to the execrable vice of punning; and his puns (for the formation of which he appears to have taken Mr. Beresford as a model) are, commonly most execrable specimens of the vice into which he has fallen.

He is not, however, naturally deficient in the requisites for humorous description and entertaining narrative; and we shall have no sort of objection to meet him again when he has replenished his budget of fancy and more carefully separated the chaff from the sterling grain. We advise him, moreover, to reflect that the motto which he prefixes to his romance may possibly come under the inspection of the Society for the suppression of Vice. Not being members of that righteous fraternity, we have sufficient charity left to believe that Mr. Allendale may have adopted it with innocent intentions; but it is right to warn him that the application of it is not altogether decent.

ART. 27.—*Ronaldsha; a Romance, in two Volumes.* By Mrs. Doherty, Wife of Hugh Doherty, Esq. Author of the *Discovery, or Mysterious Separation.* H. D. Symonds. 1808.

COLD-blooded critics as we are, our nature's very self could not but forget its cunning, when called to sit in judgment on a performance so announced, as this is; neither issuing from the needy and

hurried pen of professional authorship, nor forcing on us the claim of any practised amateur; but the spontaneous effusion (and a first withal) of one whom report has whispered to be young and beautiful.

We have read this little fragment with interest, and (making due and candid allowances) with critical approbation. It discovers marks of an active mind, and though we should have pruned away a little of the sentimental luxuriance, we know that, with many readers, it will only heighten the charm of the performance. By diligent cultivation of her talents Mrs. D. may attain to a respectable rank among the writers of romance.

### LAW.

**ART. 28.**—*A Treatise on the Law relative to Contracts and Agreements, not under Seal, with Cases and Decisions thereon, in the Action of Assumpsit. In four Parts. By Samuel Comyn, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Butterworth. 1807.*

**THIS** is a judicious and well-arranged treatise on a subject of considerable importance. The several heads into which the subject is divided, are treated with accuracy, and the references to each respectively are copious and correct. The whole work will form a useful and valuable addition to the professional library.

**ART. 29.**—*A correct Report of the Trial between Mr. Daniel Daly late Midshipman of his Majesty's Ship Lion, Plaintiff; and Robert Rolles, Esq. late Captain of the said Ship, Defendant. With some Observations on a Pamphlet published since the Trial. Bickersstaff. 1808.*

**THIS** trial seems published with sufficient correctness. Mr. Daly, it appears, having been sent ashore on the island of Linton, for alleged misconduct, against the charge of which he was not allowed the means or opportunity to defend himself, appealed to a jury of his country against this most illegal and unjust exercise of authority, and that jury testified their severe disapprobation of it by awarding a verdict in his favour, with damages four hundred and fifty pounds, and costs of suit. And the judge certifies to give the plaintiff the costs of the special jury.

### MEDICINE.

**ART. 30.**—*Cases and Observations in Lithotomy, including Hints for the more ready and safe Performance of the Operation, (with an Engraving.) To which are added Observations on*

*the Chimney Sweepers' Cancer, and other Miscellaneous Remarks. By W. Simmons, Surgeon. 8vo. Vernor. 1808.*

THE object which Mr. Simmons wishes to impress on the minds of operators in lithotomy, is, that the opening into the urethra should be made precisely in the bulb of the urethra. The propriety of this rule is pretty generally agreed among surgeons; but we cannot say that we perceive that Mr. Simmons has been able to effect this more correctly than formerly; and undoubtedly his cases are quite unconnected with this professed object.

The observations on the chimney sweepers' cancer contain a single case, in which the patient experienced an anodyne effect from the external use of Fowler's arsenical solution when opium had failed to relieve. Except the relief from pain, no other benefit was derived from it. The same good effect has been observed in ordinary cases of cancer; but, from the irritability of the stomach the solution is often rejected. The remaining remarks, are upon the whole, of little importance; but they bear the signs of having been drawn from experience, and published from motives of benevolence.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 31. — *An Examination of the Charges maintained by Messrs. Malone, Chalmers and others of Ben Jonson's Enmity, &c. towards Shakespeare, by Octavius Gilchrist. Taylor and Hessey. 1808.*

WE are happy to find so able an advocate as Mr. Gilchrist defending the memory of Ben Jonson from the charges of envy and detraction, with which he has been assailed by the commentators of Shakespeare. Those commentators have not been able to advance a single *proof* in support of their accusation. But they have all endeavoured to supply the place of proof by bold assumptions, faint allusions, forced constructions, and improbable conjectures. Were a charge of libel brought against any individual, and were that charge established by nothing more like evidence than that which the revilers of Jonson and the panegyrists of Shakespeare have produced, we are convinced that the accused would, without a moment's hesitation, be declared innocent in any court in Christendom. We are as warm admirers of our great dramatist as any of his editors or commentators; but we do not think that we exalt the literary excellence of Shakespeare by depreciating the moral worth of Jonson. Though Shakespeare and Jonson were contemporaries yet they were not rivals; they had both merit, and though that of Shakespeare was transcendent, yet it differed not only in degree but in kind from that of Jonson. Shakespeare was too great to be envied; and Jonson appears to have had none of that malicious venom in his composition. We seldom *cordially* praise, when dead, the individual towards whom



we have been clandestinely hostile, and secretly bitter when alive. But the praises which Jonson showered on the urn of Shakespeare, were evidently not the effect of constraint but choice; they do not betray the marks of affected regard and concealed dislike; they are not the cant of hypocritical encomium but the genuine unvitiated tribute of the heart. The lines which Jonson inserted under the portrait of Shakespeare, and those which he dedicated to his memory, bear evident marks of his veneration for the poet, and of his personal esteem for the man. Mr. Farmer justly says, that Ben's verses on him *who wrote for all time* are 'the warmest panegyrick that ever was written;' We shall quote the inscription under the picture, and afterwards some of the verses addressed to his memory.

'This figure that thou here seest put  
It was for *gentle* Shakespeare cut;  
Wherein the graver had a strife  
With nature, to outdo the life,  
O, could he but have drawn his wit  
As well in brass, as he hath hit  
His face, the print would then surpass  
All that was ever writ in brass;  
But since he cannot, reader look,  
Not on his picture, but his book.'

— 'Soul of the age,  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
*My* Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by  
Chancer or Spenser; or bid Beaumont lie  
A little further, to make thee a room:  
Thou art a monument without a tomb;  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read and praise to give.'

Though he notices his defect of classical erudition, yet this is not said to diminish but to exalt his fame; for he places the productions of his genius above 'all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome sent forth.'

He passes on his genius this deserved sublimity of eulogy, that

'He was not of an age; BUT FOR ALL TIME.'

He addresses him in terms which envy may *hypocritically* employ towards the living, but which when hypocrisy is no longer necessary, it seldom uses to the dead

'My gentle Shakespeare,  
'Sweet swan of Avon.'

In short in the praise which Jonson bestows on Shakespeare we see rather the full and unrestrained homage of unfeigned affection

than the niggardly payment of latent envy and concealed detraction. The commendation is not destroyed by any qualifying clause nor any artifice of invidious extenuation. 'Many years after Shakespeare's death Ben with warmth exclaimed, 'I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped; *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Harterius.' We have distinct and incontrovertible proof that Ben Jonson did profess to esteem the worth and to venerate the genius of Shakespeare, and not a particle of *proof* has been adduced to shew that he professed what he did not feel; and that like some of his commentators, he secretly calumniated whom he affected to praise. Mr. Gilchrist has undertaken a good cause and he has performed it with ability and real.

ART. 32.—*Hints to the Bearers of Walking Sticks and Umbrellas, Illustrated by Six Engravings.* 2s. 6d. Murray, Fleet-street. 1808.

THIS little work is divided into two parts. Chapter first is on the origin, antiquity, and use of walking-sticks and umbrellas. Chapter 2d. on the various modes of miscarrying walking-sticks and umbrellas, to the general annoyance of all passengers in the streets. The author styles these miscarriers of walking-sticks encroachers on the public right of way, and classes them under the following heads. 1. The Fencer; 2. the Twirler; 3. the Arguer; 4. the Trailer; 5. the Parthian; 6. the Unicorn; 7. the Turnstile. The Umbrella-bearers he distinguishes by the characteristic names of Shield-bearers, Sky-strikers, Mud-scoopers and Invertors. By observing the directions here given many a disastrous and ludicrous circumstance may be avoided; for example;

Many fix the head of their cane or umbrella close under the arm, preserving it firm in a horizontal position, or somewhat inclining upwards: hence an inadvertent or dim-sighted follower receives the dirty end in his mouth, or stabs his eye against the pointed ferule, which, like a reverted spear, wounds those who follow, instead of those who meet its bearer. (This annoyance is called the Parthian, who as every body knows, while his horse galloped shot his arrows behind him.) The Unicorn is the converse of the Parthian. His formidable horn projects, and forces a passage through the croud for the resolute charger. The stick grasped by the head, with the end advanced in the manner of a spear or bayonet, characterises the bullying buck, and many varieties of vulgar swaggerers. There is moreover, a species of Unicorn, destitute of ferocity in appearance, but not less incommoding to passengers; he may be called the Unicorn *au corne baissé*, as he drives the point of his cane like a plough before him on the pavement. This is an awkwardness of men who are

subject to abstraction or absence of mind, or who wish to assume an air of reverie. The Turnstile, instead of fixing his cane or umbrella, like the Parthian, so that it may extend its whole length behind, or advancing it wholly before like the Unicorn, places it under his arm in such manner that it may extend equally both behind and before. Now though it does not extend nearly so far in either direction as in each of the former instances, it produces the united inconveniences of both. In fact, a man so circumstanced engrosses the rightful portion of three men at least on the pavement; and when he turns round his stick describes a circle of space which might be fairly occupied by five. An absent man of the Turnstile species was walking through a street, when two men with coal sacks on their shoulders endeavoured to pass on either side; the elbows of the coal-heavers struck against the extremities of his umbrella: the force of their advance rolled him into the gutter; the shock overthrew the coal sacks from the heads of the bearers; the unfortunate Turnstile wallowed in the mud, was sorely bruised, and nearly buried and stifled under six bushels of small coal. The Shield-bearer drives his umbrella before him, covering completely his head and body. He can see no one in front, and he occupies the whole pavement: he either runs against every one before him, or compels them to step into the gutter, &c.

The instructions given for carrying walking sticks and umbrellas with elegance and ease are various and judicious. But the author proposes, as the best remedy to avoid the grievances mentioned, to open an academy at the Lyceum in the Strand, for the purpose of drilling ladies and gentlemen in the most approved method of handling walking-sticks and umbrellas with a view to individual grace and general convenience. We would most earnestly recommend our young gentlemen-loungers and loiterers to take a few lessons, by which means they would be able to present their persons with more elegant effect to the fair sex whom they are ambitious to strike with admiration of themselves, by the variety of easy attitudes with which they carry their *canes*, their *thorns*, their *bamboos*, *supple-jacks*, *clubs*, &c. instead of soiling the elegant folds of the mantle, or disconcerting the graceful ringlets of our lovely country-women who adorn the streets of this metropolis.

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*List of Articles, which with many others, will appear in the next Number of the Critical Review.*

Fox's History of James the Second.  
 Rose's translation of Parthenopex  
 de Blois.  
 Brooke's History of St. Helena.  
 Hunt's Critical Essays on the Per-  
 formers of the London Theatres.  
 Hints on Evangelical Preaching, by

a Barrister; part II.  
 Strutt's Queen Hoo Hall.  
 Memoirs of Captain Carleton.  
 Sydney's Treatise of Powers.  
 Wyvill on Liberty of Conscience.  
 Gladwin's Gulistan of Sady.